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## REVIEWS

Select Works of *Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch*—[*Obras Escogidas, &c.*]. Paris, Baudry; London, Dulau.

The drama of Spain, as represented on the Madrid stage, has shown of late years an activity which, at first sight, would seem a renewal of the old glories of the nation in that branch of poetry. During the last twenty years not only have many authors become celebrated by dramatic successes alone, but in most of these an ambition to return from the foreign path of their predecessors to more national ways has obviously prevailed. The field which had been narrowed by imposing the restrictions of the French school on a stage the first charter of which was its romantic liberty, began once more to expand under the influence of modern poets,—some of whom, like Breton de los Herreros and Zorrilla, seemed bent on reclaiming in all the latitude of their elder drama the freedom lost under the formal discipline of Huerta and the Moratins. The result, however, appears on closer inspection to have fallen short of awakening a modern impulse at once individual and instinct with that creative spirit which alone can give being and insure continuance to a national drama. So far, the tendency has been essentially eclectic. We see a mere combination in various proportions of the old native strain with foreign and modern elements; a kind of marriage which, in poetry as in animal life, natural laws declare incapable of producing genuine and prolific offspring.

That there would have been a better hope in the restoration *pure et simple* of the national comedy of Calderon and Moreto cannot indeed be imagined. The drama which rose to its zenith under the Philips of the seventeenth century, was doubtless one of the most original and vigorous poetic shoots that ever burst from the soil of any country. But the very essence of its being was the incorporation of what may be termed the ideal or spirit of a given time; and the more thoroughly that spirit had pervaded the popular stage, the more inevitable was its decay whenever other feelings and different ideas should take the ascendant. The events and influences of the eighteenth century consummated this change, which other causes had prepared in Spain. From the days of the French Bourbons the existence of the *comedia heroica* or the *comedia de capa y espada* was doomed to become a mere tradition. The life which had formerly beaten with pulses of old Spanish romance and chivalry, with the heart's blood of its manners and morals, had left the body—to return no more.

During the bare interval which extended far beyond the fall of the monarchy, a feeble literature, vainly trying to copy the attitudes of French classicism, can hardly be said to have lived amidst the emasculate upper class of society, in which nearly all that once marked and ennobled the character of Spain had gradually disappeared. Its degradation, though ascribed to outward political causes, had no doubt a deeper and darker source. The exhaustion and poverty of Spain in the eighteenth century, in every department material and moral, were fruits of that ill-omened union between Romish bigotry and regal tyranny which was consummated by Philip II. It was the shadow then cast over the soil which gradually killed all its higher productions, leaving only a few germs of life among the common people, whose low condition sheltered them in some degree from its blight. When the nation—by English help—recovered its independence, its ruling destinies utterly passed

away from the inheritors of its old noble names,—to whom in other days Spain owed her statesmen, her soldiers, and her poets. Their race had fallen decrepit: whatever restoration was possible had thenceforth to be sought among the people at large. This necessity, still but dimly perceived, was altogether unknown to the restored monarchy of the *Rey netto*,—the result of whose attempt to revive an extinct order of things is now matter of history. The doom, we say, was unavoidable; but the vain struggle against it long tormented, and still continues to vex with disease, the whole body of Spain; producing in all its social features, and therefore naturally in literature,—which is their mirror,—a state altogether restless, transitory and ungenial. This is mainly apparent—such conditions being always most sensibly felt in the drama—during the period distinguished by the later productions of the Madrid stage.

It is impossible in a few lines even to hint at all the various conflicting influences to be traced in their composition. Most of the new play-writers have risen from the ranks;—the public that all have to please, though far from highly educated, will no longer be entertained with conventional pictures and ideas. The poet who would be popular must try to move by such means as will touch an audience in which ranks are confused, principles in debate:—eager, imperfectly cultivated, dissatisfied with things as they are, quite at variance among themselves as to what they ought to be,—and, to complete the ferment, swelling with national pride, while unable to resist the seduction of foreign follies. Such being the dubious aspect of the classes that crowd the theatres of the capital,—it is no wonder that authors who live by their applause should partake of the general confusion. They are cast like swimmers into this whirlpool of the popular mind,—must try how they can rhyme domestic traditions with transpyrenean fashions,—mutiny against old restraints, with a show of homage to old forms; and while all this is working and bubbling around them, with a total unsettlement of opinions and great disorder of public morals and decorum, can it be expected that they should achieve more than a transitory and somewhat morbid kind of success,—even with talents which under better auspices and in calmer days might have created durable works? The old stage is defunct; the time for a new one, if that time shall ever be, is yet unborn. What now bears its name belongs to the class of things which used to be marked with the style of *interim*.

Many ingredients have gone to its making:—a few only of the most active can be noted here. The revolt against the rules of the old French *régime* has been absolute; yet the restraint of these for half a century—even had there been no new impulses, no social changes in later days—would of itself have rendered it impossible ever to play freely again in the fantastic circle of the drama of the seventeenth century. The attempt to extend the old poetic liberty, to tune the old poetic measures, to the sceptical taste of modern days, could produce no genial effect. Still, the prevailing bias was in that direction. But hardly had French Classicism well grown out of favour, when French Romanticism began to take its place. From the better works of Hugo down to the worse and worst of that author and others of the legion who have defiled the stage of Molière and Corneille, a constant and powerful echo has been heard on the Spanish boards:—and as if the soil could not, with all its stubborn nationality, resist the influence of its neighbour, we hear the tones of French pretension mimicked

in the journals, the strut and cynicism of French sentiment aped on the stage, just as the wide skirts and tight gloves of Parisian costume are worn by all the select world, of Madrid. That its theatre has not gained in moral tone by this last invasion, whatever it may have acquired in emphasis and *émotions fortes*, no one acquainted with the originals will suppose. In the plan and sentiment of the new drama, even more than in its language, their influence continually transpires. Instead of the old motives of jealousy, fantastic gallantry, loyal devotion and *pudor*, we find cynical self-love, incestuous longings, poisonings, adulteries, and other potent materials of Gallic brewage, more largely infused amidst the proper excitements of the Spanish stage than could be desired,—even by its best writers. Among these must be numbered *Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch*.

This author was born in Madrid, in 1806. His father, a Rhenish Prussian, came young to Spain, where he settled as a cabinet-maker; and married a peasant's daughter, who bore him two sons, and died in her twenty-third year. Both the boys followed their father's trade. Juan, indeed, was sent to school, with a view to the priesthood; but showed so little vocation for it that the design was given up,—and in his father's workshop he remained, it is said, till his fifteenth year, without having ever even heard of theatre. About that time, a book on the rules of poetry having fallen in his way, his natural genius for letters was awakened. He became acquainted with the stage in a clandestine way; his father being a severe man, averse to such recreations. From this moment his fate was sealed:—he grew rapidly into acquaintance with theatrical poetry, the study of which filled up his leisure. He had learned some French,—and knew a little, of course, of his father's language, German:—of these acquisitions his stage passion took advantage; and his first attempts were translations from French plays,—some of which were at length admitted into the periodicals of the day. Thus forming by degrees a habit of composition, indefatigable in self-improvement, and inspired by an ardent desire to appear as a dramatist, he laboured on a variety of subjects; and after trying many, one of his performances, the recast of a comedy by Rojas, was at last accepted, and played at the theatre *de la Cruz* (in 1829). Others of similar manufacture followed:—some arranged from Regnard and Dancourt,—some modernized from Calderon and Moreto. Thus he went through a long apprenticeship in a subordinate department,—sometimes with good fortune, often with failure, and always with little profit in money; until he ventured on composing his first independent work, happily choosing one of the most touching and popular of the national stories, 'The Lovers of Teruel.' It was played, for the first time, with applause, in January 1837. The author was now no longer a mere youth. He had worked on patiently until his twenty-seventh year at cabinet-making; but on the death of his father, in 1834, had given it up, learned short-hand, and became a reporter of Cortes debates for the Madrid *Gazeta*. The success of 'The Lovers of Teruel' gave him the position he had long coveted; and from thenceforth he took place among the authors of the capital.

The number of his other fortunate works is not great. The best are all of a tragical cast, though none are deep tragedies. 'A Marriage in the Inquisition' is remarkable only for the boldness of its dealing with a subject terrible in Spain within the memory of man. 'Alfonso the Chaste' transforms the old story of that

marriage which produced the favourite romance hero, *Bernardo del Carpio*. 'The Oath in Santa Gadea' is founded on an incident in the legend of the Cid. 'The Mother of Pelayo,' a very charming play, adapts to a Spanish legend the motives of Voltaire's 'Mérope.' Besides these, he has produced some dramas of mixed character,—such as 'The Bachelor Mendarias,' 'Self in the First Place,' and 'Honoria,' and not a few comedies,—which last need not be enumerated, as they are not favourable specimens of his genius. His best claims to praise rest on the half-dozen serious pieces above named; the great superiority of which to those in a lighter vein proves the bias of his mind towards the pathetic and sombre,—his part, it may be, in the inheritance of German blood.

He has also published a few poems, original and translated; and has neatly turned into Spanish verse fables by Pfeiffer and Lessing, and other German and French apologues. Some prose contributions to the Madrid journals, of no great value, complete the list of his performances. In virtue of these he was appointed (in 1844) to an office, bearing the rank of adjunct to the National Library of Madrid; and in 1847 the Royal Spanish Academy admitted him a member,—on which occasion he read as an inaugural discourse a notice of the dramas of Alarcon.

As our limits do not allow of any detailed account of a series of pieces from a foreign stage little known in this country, we have thought it best to begin by describing in general some broad features of the late history and present condition of the theatre to which the author belongs, and then proceed to indicate briefly what seems peculiar to the individual.

It is apparent that the culture of Hartzenbusch has been more than usually eclectic, even for a modern Spanish playwright; and it must also be taken as a considerable feature in his training, that his first studies were chiefly conversant with the classic French drama. But he pays no regard to its laws in his original pieces. Their effect, if any, may appear in the rarity of his merely ornamental passages, and in a greater terseness of style than is usual in Castilian poets. In the structure of his pieces, as in the choice of his subjects, he takes the full privilege of the romantic stage; but in the choice of motives and incidents he betrays the influence with which the Hugo and Dumas school of modern France has modified, if not perverted, the attempts of Spain to reform her national drama.

In the invention of his plots, although he is more clear and judicious than Zorrilla and some others of his contemporaries, there is still great irregularity. He is happiest on the ground of the old legends:—his treatment of which might be unreservedly praised, had he not attempted to heighten their pathos and improve their dramatic consistency by introducing criminal motives borrowed from the modern Paris stage, and which rather spoil than enhance the poetic interest of the story. In 'The Lovers of Teruel,' the detection of a secret adultery is made the lever by which the heroine's mother is forced to urge the marriage that breaks her daughter's heart. To the traditional anger of the king at Count Saldaña's presumption in loving the Infanta, there is given the new motive of an unlawful passion of Alfonso for that princess:—and other instances might be named, in which crime seems to be needlessly expended, in the fashion of a notorious school, with little corresponding advantage in true dramatic pathos. The subjects of several of his pieces are composed of ideas taken here and there from foreign plays and novels; these are less effective than his dramatized Spanish legends. The materials

are not always well chosen; and the devices by which they are connected seem to betray a certain want of invention. Discoveries at the critical moment of abandoned children or of lost documents, inconceivable forgeries, exchanges of persons and names, and other worn-out dramatic resources, occur with a frequency which implies some want of skill in that difficult part of stage writing, the adjustment of the plot. Hartzenbusch is well acquainted with foreign theatres, and borrows from them freely; but in one instance only—as we think—with a happy effect. The 'Mother of Pelayo,' as a Spanish 'Mérope,' has the best plan and the most sustained interest of any in which foreign models have been copied: and is, indeed, to our mind, the most affecting and dramatic of his maturer pieces. The 'Lovers of Teruel' has an admirable subject, full of variety, suspense and pathos: but its effect is impaired by a certain affectation and tumour of style, from which the riper works of Hartzenbusch are free.

His forte is not the terrible; and to the sublime degrees of awe, despair, or anger he never ascends. In his preference of such sorrows only as lovers' misfortunes and jealousies produce, and of such passions as martial pride and patriotism can excite—he proves himself true to the genius of the Spanish stage; which has rarely been visited by the highest forms of pure tragedy,—and has but coldly welcomed them when they have appeared.

The versification of Hartzenbusch's mature works, though not rich, is fluent and impressive; his dialogue is often both lively and judicious; he opens his plays with true theatrical art; and his speeches and soliloquies, though some of them might be thought tedious on other stages, are favourably distinguished among Spanish works by their comparatively moderate compass, avoiding needless digressions and mere passages of display. Of exquisite poetic beauties, or scenes of consummate force and tenderness, we have not found any specimens in this author. He must be rather praised on the whole for a certain solidity of texture, and for good sense animated by dramatic feeling, than exalted as the possessor of any of those luxuriant endowments, happy flashes of imagination, and artless or overpowering strokes of genius, which so often captivate the spectator amidst the redundancies and commonplaces of the older Spanish drama.

Of such play-writing as is possible in a time of transition, and amidst such a turbid atmosphere as still envelopes the whole being of Spain, the works of Hartzenbusch may be called a fair specimen—if not absolutely the best that could be imagined. That any new growth of original dramatic poetry—fit to succeed to the decayed glories of Lope and Calderon—can take root in Spain's actual circumstances, amidst such confusions as are now fermenting there in theatrical and other departments—may be altogether doubted. The day of a restored Spanish theatre, if such a day be now conceivable for the acted drama anywhere, is yet far below the horizon. In the meanwhile, as stage doors, it seems, must be kept open, what can the modern author do but make the best use he may of the conflicting elements around him? It must be said, to the praise of Hartzenbusch, that he has done this with more skill and strength than most of his contemporaries.

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of Dunleath' is not within our recollection:—the impression of "dool and sorrow" being deepened by Mrs. Norton's known eloquence and pathos, which are here put forth in all their saddest array. Her heroine is the daughter of a second marriage, imperfectly prized by her mother,—while her half-brother, a stern, severe martinet of a sailor, is treated as the darling. Such an intolerable creature as Godfrey Marsden—cold-blooded, harsh and sermonizing—is not in our book of sea-knowledge. Eleanor's father dies at the moment of his expected return from India,—leaving the little girl heiress to a magnificent fortune, which, and herself, are intrusted to the wardship of his secretary, Stuart of Dunleath. This Stuart, an impoverished Scottish gentleman, superintends the education of the child; and, contrasted against her unsympathising and unkind relatives, becomes the one person in the whole wide universe to her. Eleanor loves him,—and thinks that he loves her. At the moment, however, when, having passed from girlhood into womanhood, our heroine most needs love and protection, the miserable fact transpires, that Stuart has been gambling with her fortune to buy back his lost Scottish heritage,—that he has been unsuccessful,—and that she is beggared. Unable to face the agony of his position, Stuart disappears,—and is believed to have destroyed himself. Left forlorn in a crisis so awful, Eleanor is hurried into a marriage with a handsome brute of quality—one Sir Stephen Penrhyn, who only cares for her person. He belongs to a family as detestable as if Miss Ferrar had "cut it out in cast-iron":—and to those who recollect the unamiable characters in that lady's novels, this is surely saying enough. They have children:—two boys, who are drowned. Eleanor learns ere long that she has a rival at the very gate of her mansion. Stuart, the rumour of whose suicide proves to have been a mistake, re-appears from America, and replaces her fortune; but over this, as a woman who has married without a settlement, Lady Penrhyn has no longer any right. The re-appearance of her guardian, therefore, so far from producing any change fraught with good to her, is the last drop of bitterness in her cup. Scandal becomes busy with their two names; and goaded by outrageous insult and provocation, Eleanor flies from her husband's house, alone and innocent,—having been advised that there lies power in English law to set aside her marriage. This hope fails her. Sentence is given otherwise; and with a ruined reputation, she is flung out by the world, to die, under the cruel admonitions of her harsh brother-in-law,—existing long enough, moreover, to know that the only man whom she had tenderly loved married another woman, and to be convinced that his fancied affection for her had been merely the regard of friendship, kept alive by circumstances, and deepened into the semblance of a love-fever by the perpetual struggles of remorse.

Can fable be imagined more dismal than this? We may further ask, whether such a remorseless persecution of the truthful, the gifted and the loving by destiny is either veritable or wholesome as the argument of a fiction? To ourselves, the answer comes readily. We do not shrink from the discipline of pain in imaginative creation any more than in daily life;—but we revolt against the conviction, that the brightest and the best are marked out for such discipline exclusively, which must be received, were we to accept 'Stuart of Dunleath' as a work of art which is a copy from nature. — Ours, however, is an objection more likely to attract than to distance readers. The young who

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low "the luxury of woe" are here treated to a sorrow which is Oriental in the amount of its extravagance—and may take to the book accordingly. By way of extract we shall first give a sketch of interspersed song.—

*The Birdie's Song.*

As I came o'er the distant hills,  
I heard a war bird sing:  
O pleasant are the primrose buds  
In the perfumed breath of spring!  
And pleasant are the mossy boughs,  
Beneath the birches bowers,—  
But a home wherein no children play,  
Is a garden shorn of flowers!  
And once again I heard the bird,  
His song was loud and clear:  
How glorious are the leafy woods  
In the summer of the year!  
All clothed in green, the lovely boughs  
Spread wide o'er land and lea.—  
But the home wherein no son is born,  
Is a land without a tree!  
The birdie ceased his happy song,  
I heard its notes no more;  
The water rippled silently  
To the blue lake's quiet shore:  
But a mother sang her cradle hymn:  
"All hallow'd be your rest,  
And angels watch the shining heads  
That leaned on Jesus' breast!"

Our second passage shall be drawn from that portion of the novelist's work over which quality and custom generally warrant us in hurrying—in last chapter. Here, while disposing of one of the odious women aforesaid, Mrs. Norton puts forth a mixture of pathos and sarcastic humour of poetry and worldly wisdom which reminds us of the manner of the author of "Vanity Fair."

"Tib also goes to church very regularly. Even when she has a bad cold in her head, (and Tib is very subject to snuffing colds) she orders out her carriage; and is trotted gently to the church door; and goes rustling into her pew lined with crimson cloth, and furnished with crimson cloth hassocks; and looks round triumphantly at the rest of the congregation. Even bad weather does not stop Tib. The only difference is, that she has the bays out, instead of those handsome restive greys that require such skill in driving; for she don't care so much about the bays taking cold: and the coachman encomes it, for when the bays go out, and it is a wet Sunday, he makes the second coachman drive. So they come out all sleek, and covered, and shining, with oil-silk coverings over the hammer-cloth and the servants' hats, and take gorgeous Tib to church. Especially in the country; for Tib says people ought never to miss church, 'because of setting a good example to the poor.' And certainly if Tib's example be of any use, it is impossible the poor can be otherwise than impressed by it; for they all stand gazing in the road, as the great glittering gaud goes by which they know is the *tout-ensemble* of the Countess of Peebles going to divine service. And when the women put down their pattens at the church-door, and give a glance at their gowns,—loping they have held them tidily up, all the wet way that they have trudged to answer in person the sound of the Sunday bells,—they are perfectly well aware that Tib's example is gone in before them; and hardly refrain from cursing, as they pass the crimson-lined pew, so great is their respect for Tib. And Tib thinks of Eleanor with a mixture of spite and contempt; and has no very clear idea of what happened to her latterly, but knows she is dead. And one of Tib's lions,—poet-lion, (for they are not worldly-wise as the other lions, and not near so wise as the tigers) is foolish enough to ask Tib after young Lady Penrhyn; of whom he is reminded, he himself scarcely knows how, by the scent of heliotrope and geranium, and the want of a lovely face to rest his eyes on, in the weary crowd at one of Tib's parties. And Tib feels as though she ought to blush, at being asked after an unhappy creature who was separated from her husband, and died in retirement; but Tib cannot blush; so she rubs the end of her nose with the tight white glove which covers the fat hand the Duchess used to worry; and answers sharply, that she knows very little more than that Lady Penrhyn is dead; and that 'of course' after she left Sir Stephen, she, Tib, saw no more of her. And then she rustles away from him; half because she is offended and confounded at being

asked after Eleanor, and half because she sees the young Duke of Cambridge coming in at the door. And the poet-lion is disgusted with Tib; and in his heart he calls her hard names; and he thinks what a lovely face Eleanor's was; and what sweet eyes she had—eyes made for smiling, which yet must have wept so much. And he don't believe a word of Eleanor's being a wicked woman; for he trusts in expression, like all poets; and at last Eleanor says something to himself about 'haunting eyes,'—and 'a cruel world,'—in the midst of which, gorgeous Tib rustles back; and seeing him look gloomy, and fearing he may be displeased, and withdraw his leonine presence from her future parties, she stops and asks him to dinner for the next Thursday; and the poet smiles, and accepts, and comes to dinner; and gets green peas, though they are not yet in season; and sends Tib some very pretty verses 'On Spring,'—and forgets all about Eleanor."

The touches of Beatrice in the above quotation are bright and clear enough to make every one entreat that when Mrs. Norton shall tell another tale (and may it be "soon") she will not keep her seat beneath the weeping willow tree, with such monumental fixity as she has done while harping on the trials of the ill-starred child, maiden and woman who loved 'Stuart of Dunleath.'

GUIDE-BOOKS TO LONDON.

MAY-DAY, which is expected always to bring its swarm of visitors to London, seldom fails to see a new batch of guide-books issued for their use and convenience. This year, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the time, there are of course more than the usual number, and of more than the ordinary variety of degrees in excellence. Books of this kind are too often got up in haste,—and from old materials, thrown hurriedly together without a due attempt to ascertain and restore what they may have lost of their value from age.

The largest and most pretending of the new works of the kind now lying on our table, is a showy volume of more than nine hundred pages from the press of Mr. Weale, entitled *London Exhibited in 1851*; and professing to elucidate "its natural and physical characteristics,—its antiquity and architecture,—its arts, manufactures, trade and organization,—its social, literary, and scientific institutions,—and its galleries of Fine Art." To all this it professes to add 205 pictorial embellishments. We have looked through the nine hundred pages, and have found no great reason to be satisfied with either the compilation or the illustration of the volume. In conformity to a practice which has been much abused, the illustrations are often old engravings; some of which—as for example that of the "Mansion House"—no longer represent the actual state of the buildings which they profess to copy. Some of the most important new, or recently altered, buildings in the metropolis are not exhibited at all—such as the altered front of the Bank of England, the Great Exhibition, and so forth. These, to say the least of it, are serious omissions in a work professing to show the architectural condition of London at the present time. Nor is the letter-press free from similar faults of omission. In a mere cursory reading we have noted several examples of this kind:—but will instance only one. Mr. Weale indulges in some strong language apropos of the state of the Tower—apparently unaware of the extensive alterations and restorations of that set of edifices which have been in progress for the past two years or more. The illustration of the Tower is also from an old block.—With what propriety can this be called 'London Exhibited in 1851'?

The next book that we shall notice is, *Gil-*

*bert's Visitor's Guide to London*. It describes itself as "an indispensable hand-book for travellers and foreigners desirous of possessing an accurate knowledge of the British metropolis previous and during their visit to the Great Exhibition." We cannot indorse this favourable self-opinion. The book is ill written, compiled without care,—and exhibits a disposition to puff certain taverns, houses, and works, which suggests strong suspicions against its trustworthiness. The plan which accompanies it is old and meagre,—patched up so as to give it the appearance of a new one. A practised eye soon detects the flaws. It shows none of the changes in St. James's Park. It leaves King's Cross entirely innocent of the Great Northern Railway:—which, however, it has the curious merit of carrying through the centre of Pentonville Prison. In every respect this is an unsatisfactory concoction.

On the other hand, *Adams's Pocket London Guide Book* seems to be, so far as it goes, a book honestly compiled from good sources and put together with a certain amount of care and knowledge. We have had occasion to speak in former numbers of the guide-books of London and its neighbourhood compiled by Mr. E. L. Blanchard in terms of praise,—and we can extend our good word to his present work. There seems about these little hand-books a love of literature, and an acquaintance with literary anecdote and story, which are by no means common in the class of productions to which they belong.

*The Great Exhibition, its Palace and its Principal Contents, with Notices of the Remarkable Public Buildings of the Metropolis, &c. &c.*, written by Mr. Roberts Stephenson, and published by Messrs Routledge, must not be mistaken—as is just possible from the similarity of sound in the name—for the work of Mr. Stephenson, the engineer. That the compiler promises more on his title-page than he can possibly perform, the reader will at once understand. Of the Crystal Palace itself the account here given is fragmentary and imperfect,—of "its principal contents" there existed but a confused idea at the time when this volume was sent to press. Indeed, we are rather at a loss to understand the object in bringing this volume out. It has no pretension to be considered a catalogue. It does not attempt to give the history of the Exhibition, or to explain the science displayed in the construction of the Crystal Palace. Its notices of the "remarkable public buildings of the metropolis" are remarkable only for their want of fullness and interest.

With far less of erroneous statement than Frenchmen usually indulge in when they write about England and the English, M. Murraie has provided a *Nouveau Guide de l'Etranger à Londres pour l'Année 1851*, for the use of his countrymen and other foreigners. The information given is but slight; yet with the exception of a few trifles—such as, "the ditch of the Tower is filled with water"—it contains nothing that is absolutely false or grotesquely mis-stated. It is illustrated by a convenient plan of London, and by two pretty views of the Crystal Palace—interior and exterior.

*Journals of a Landscape Painter in Albania, &c.*  
By Edward Lear. Bentley.

This is a delightful book:—as rich in matter as it is unaffected in manner. Among our writing painters Mr. Lear may take high rank. Indeed, we are disposed to prefer his printed sketches to the lithographic transcripts with which his handsome volume is garnished,—bold though they be in execution and picturesque in choice of subject. Mr. Lear's journals began in the month of September 1848, when he left Com-

stantinople in an over-crammed steamer for Saloniki; — noting on his voyage Ossa and Olympus, which looked out over the Gulf till they were shut in "by a thick scirocco-like vapour," — and in a few graphic words giving us a lively picture of his fellow-passengers — a harem of Turkish females, who covered one-half of the triangular quarter-deck "with a diversity of robes, pink, blue, chocolate and amber, pea, sea, olive, bottle, pale and dark green" — Wallachians, Bosniacs and Jews.

The disembarkation at Saloniki was a scene of noisy bustle compared with which Kingstown Pier and the quay at Genoa — the noises of which ring in our ears while writing — are retreats of calm civility. Cholera had made travellers with *impedimenta*, or baggage, scarce at Saloniki. Accordingly —

"There were literally crowds of black-turbaned Hebrews at the water's edge, speculating on the possible share of each in the conveyance of luggage from the steamer. The enthusiastic Israelites rushed into the water, and seizing my arms and legs, tore me out of the boat, and up a narrow board, with the most unsatisfactory zeal; immediately after which they fell upon my enraged dragoman in the same mode, and finally throwing themselves on my luggage, each portion of it was claimed by ten or twelve frenzied agitators, who pulled this way and that way, till I, who stood apart, resigned to whatever might happen, confidently awaited the total destruction of my 'roba.' From yells and pullings to and fro, the scene changed in a few minutes to a real fight, and the whole community fell to the most furious hair-pulling, turban-clenching, and robe-tearing, till the luggage was forgotten, and all the party was involved in one terrific combat. How this exhibition would have ended I cannot tell, for in the heat of the conflict my man came running with a half-score of Government Kawâsi, or police; and the way in which they fell to belabouring the enraged Hebrews was nothing to be forgotten. These took a deal of severe beating from sticks and whips before they gave way, and eventually some six or eight were selected to carry the packages of the Ingliz, which I followed into the city, not vexed at being the indirect cause of so much strife."

This brawling entry of our landscape-painter into the arena of his labours gave no false augury of what manner of incidents his journey would yield. Saloniki is a dull and peaceful haunt, its inhabitants at once thinned and cowed by the presence of the cholera; and Mr. Lear was free to roam about and to sketch, had he so pleased. In most of his subsequent stopping places — as often as was raised the cry of "Scro! scro!" (a short and easy Albanian way of saying "He writes"), our artist was not only pressed on and peeped at, and ignominiously pelted like one who was about some evil work, but assailed also by fierce dogs. Frantic Dervises howled and grinned in his face, — sometimes even threatened him with their knives; and it became necessary when he wished to sketch to apply for a Kawâsi, or armed attendant, to stand by and keep at bay the crew of men and brutes outraged by such unhallowed Frankish proceedings. A horse is the conveyance in Albania; but the roads are wretched — oftentimes even perilous, especially after heavy rains — sometimes down tangled lanes, recalling what we read of the close paths which thread the *Bocages de La Vendée* — sometimes along friable mountain shelves, where no General Wade or Macadam ever comes, after a storm or landslip, to clear the path and make it practicable. Then — day's fatigue over — an Albanian khan is as rough a place for a night's lodging as can be conceived. The sleeper is sheltered, it is true; but from the crazy rafters above his bed and his supper-tray and his fire with its blinding wood smoke, spiders, hens and cats have the habit of tumbling at all hours of the night; — and he must dispute his quarters with pigs and

donkeys — to say nothing of rude bipeds, who sleep with the bare soles of their feet close to the fire. Of course in places thus furnished, the food is not likely to be either various or clean. Yet a willing painter can find amends for all these creature discomforts in assemblages of objects such as the following paragraph reveals. —

"At Arnaoutlik the horses rest, and the fire of the khan is in request, for rain has fallen all the morning, though capotes and plaids kept it off pretty well. The village, composed of scattered wooden houses, is full of prettiness; but fierce dogs, when the rain ceases, prevent my going near any of the buildings, as much as a multitude of wasps do my eating a peaceful dinner on the khan platform. Yet, spite of dogs, wasps, and wet, distances veiled over by cloud, and all other hindrances, there is opportunity to remark in the scene before me a subject somewhat ready-made to the pencil of a painter, which is marvellous: it is not easy to say why it is so, but a picture it is. Copy what you see before you, and you have a picture full of good qualities, in its way — a small way, we grant — a mere village landscape in a classic land. Blocks of old stone — squared and cut long ago in other ages — overgrown with very long grass, clustering lentisk, and glossy leaves of arum, form your nearest foreground; among them sit and lie three Soorudjigis, white-kilted, red, brown and orange-jacketed, red-capped, piped, moustached blue-gaitered, bare-footed. Your next distance is a flat bit of sandy ground, with a winding-road, and on it one white-capoted shepherd: beyond, yet still near the eye, is a tract of gray earth, something between common and quarry, broken into miniature ravines, and tufted with short herbage: here, lie some fifty white and black sheep, and a pair of slumbering dogs, while near them two shepherd boys are playing on a simple reed-like flute, such as Praxites might have put in a statue's hand. A little farther on you see two pale stone and wooden houses, with tiled roofs, mud walls, and long galleries hung with many a coloured bit of carpet. Close by, in gardens, dark cloaked women are gathering gourds, and placing them on the roofs to dry. Gray, tall willows, and spreading planes overshadow these houses, and between the trees you catch a line of pale lilac plain, with faint blue hills of exquisite shapes — the last link in the landscape betwixt earth and heaven."

Almost every page is full of scenes as clearly presented as the above. Then we have notes of costume, gorgeous enough to make many a masquerader's mouth water, and *variorum* versions of old stories, told by the author's attendant to cheer the rough road: as under. —

"A snake crossing the road gave Giorgio an occasion, as is his afternoon's wont, to illustrate the fact with a story. — In Egitto," said he, 'are lots of serpents; and once there were many Hebrews there. These Hebrews wished to become Christians, but the King Pharaoh — of whom you may have heard — would not allow any such thing. On which Moses (who was the prince of the Jews) wrote to the Patriarch of Constantinople and to the Archbishop of Jerusalem, and also to San Carlo Borromeo, all three of whom went straight to King Pharaoh, and entreated him to do them this favour; to which he only replied, "No, signori." But one fine morning these three saints proved too strong for the King, and changed him and all his people into snakes; which,' said the learned dragoman, 'is the real reason why there are so many serpents in Egypt to this day.'"

We have generalized on the difficulties under which Art is pursued in Albania: — let us illustrate from a later page of Mr. Lear's journals. —

"O the khan of Tyrana! with its immense stables full of uproarious horses; its broken ladders, by which one climbed distrustfully up to the most uneven and dirtiest of corridors in which a loft some twenty feet square by six in height was the best I could pick out as home for the night. Its walls, falling in masses of mud from its osier-woven sides (leaving great holes exposed to your neighbours' view; or, worse still, to the cold night air); — its thinly rafted roof, anything but proof to the cadent amenities resulting from the location of an Albanian

family above it; its floor of shaking boards, so disintegrated that it seemed unsafe to move incutiously across it, and through the great chasms of which the horses below were open to contemplation, while the suffocating atmosphere produced thence are not to be described! \* \* O khan of Tyrana! rats, mice, cockroaches, and all lesser vermin were there. Huge flimsy cobwebs, hanging in festoons above my head; big frizzy moths, bustling into my eyes and face, for the holes representing windows I could close but imperfectly with sacks and baggage: yet here I was prepared to sleep, thankful that a clean mat was a partial preventive to some of this list of woes, and finding some consolation in the low crooning singing of the Gheghes above me, who, with that capacity for melody which those Northern-Albanians seem to possess so essentially, were murmuring their wild airs in choral harmony. \* \* Even with a guard, it was a work of trouble to sketch in Tyrana; for it was market, or bazaar day, and when I was tempted to open my book in the large space before the two principal mosques — (one wild scene of confusion, in which oxen, buffaloes, sheep, goats, geese, asses, dogs, and children, were all running about in disorder) — a great part of the natives, impelled by curiosity, pressed closely to watch my operations, in spite of the Kawâsi, who kept as clear a space as he could for me; the women alone, in dark feringhis, and ghostly white muslin masks, sitting unmoved with their wags. Fair would I have drawn the exquisitely pretty arabesque-covered mosques, but the crowds at last stifled my enthusiasm. Not the least annoyance was that given me by the persevering attention of a mad or fanatic dervish, of most singular appearance as well as conduct. His note of 'Shaitan' was frequently sounded; and as he twirled about, and performed many curious antics, he frequently advanced to me, shaking a long, hooked stick, covered with jingling ornaments, in my very face, pointing to the Kawâsi with menacing looks, as though he would say 'Were it not for this protector you should be annihilated, you infidel!' \* \* No sooner, after retiring to my pig-stye dormitory, had I put out my candle, and was preparing to sleep, than the sound of a key turning in the lock of the next door to that of my garret, disturbed me, and lo! broad rays of light illuminated my detestable lodging from a large hole a foot in diameter, besides from two or three others, just above my head; at the same time a whirring, humming sound, followed by strange whizzings and mumblings, began to pervade the apartment. Desirous to know what was going on, I crawled to the smallest chink, without encountering the rays from the great hiatus, and what did I see? My friend of the morning — the maniac Dervish, performing the most wonderful evolutions and gyrations; spinning round and round for his own private diversion, first on his legs, and then pivot-wise, sur son éant, and indulging in numerous other pious gymnastic feats. Not quite easy at my vicinity to this very eccentric neighbour, and half anticipating a twitch from his brass-hooked stick, I sat watching the event, whatever it might be. It was simple. The old creature pulled forth some grapes and ate them, after which he gradually relaxed in his twirtings, and finally fell asleep."

The orthodox rancour of this ancient twirling maniac pursued Mr. Lear to the last moment of his stay at Tyrana. At Kroia, he fell into more genteel company: being made much of by the Bey, who proved aristocratically vacant, — and as exacting as other genteel people are apt to be when they catch a "lion" upon whom they may vent their tedious hospitality. —

"At first Ali Bey said little, but soon became immensely loquacious, asking numerous questions about Stamboul, and a few about Franks in general — of the different species of whom he was not very well informed. At length, when the conversation was flagging, he was moved to discourse about ships that went without sails, and coaches that were impelled without horses; and to please him I drew a steam-boat and a railway carriage; on which he asked me if they made any noise; and I replied by imitating both the inventions in question in the best manner I could think of — 'Tik-tok, tik-tok, tik-tok, tokka, tokka, tokka, tokka — tok' — (crescendo), and 'Squish-squash, squish-squash, squish-squash, thump'

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bump—for the land and sea engines respectively—a noisy novelty which so intensely delighted Ali Bey, that he fairly threw himself back on the divan, and laughed as I never saw Turk laugh before. For my sins, this imitation became fearfully popular, and I had to repeat 'squish-squash,' 'tik-tok,' till I was heartily tired, the only recompense this wonderful little Pasha offered me, being the sight of a small German writing-box (when new it might have cost three or four shillings), containing a lithograph of Fanny Ellsler, and two small looking-glasses in the lid. This was brought in by a secretary, attended by two Palikari at the Bey's orders, and was evidently considered as something uncommonly interesting. So, when this very intellectual intercourse was over, I withdrew to my wooden room, and was glad of a light supper before sleeping."

At Skodra, our painter endangered his popularity by a piece of indiscretion which recalls to us some of Mr. Catlin's adventures while taking the portraits of the *Red Birds* and the *Foaming Waters*, and other touchy Indian chiefs that adorned his gallery.—

"At four we adjourned to the house of Antonio Simma—a substantial building in a large court-yard, all the appurtenances about which indicated opulence and comfort. The usual compliment of pipes, coffee, and lemonade were gone through, and I made a drawing of the worthy merchant in his Skodra costume; but on his younger brother coming in (both were men of about forty years of age), and requesting to be sketched also, I, for want of paper, was obliged to make a small though accurate portrait of him on the same page as that on which I had drawn his eldest brother, on a larger scale. 'O santo cielo!' said the younger, in a fury of indignation, when he saw the drawing, 'why have you done this? It is true I am the youngest, but I am not smaller than my brother; and why should you make me so diminutive? What right have you thus to remind me of my inferior position? Why do you come into my house to act so insultingly?' I was so amazed by this afflicting view of my innocent mistake, that I could hardly apologize, when the elder brother took up the tale.—'I, too,' said he, 'am vexed and hurt, O, Signore! I thought you meant well; but if you think that you win my esteem by a compliment paid me at the expense of the affection of my brother, you are greatly mistaken.'—What could I say? Was there ever such a lesson to unthinking artists in foreign lands? I had made two enemies by one sketch, and was obliged to take a formal addio, leaving the injured brothers bowing me out with looks of thunder."

Some of Mr. Lear's pleasantest adventures, were those which befell him while he was under the *chaperonage* of Anastasio, the Khimáriote, a domestic or Kawás, whom he picked up at Avlóna, and who, belonging as he did to one of the best families in Vuno, could show "my Lord Inglesi" all that was worth seeing in the life and manners of the district.—

"It was dark when we returned to the upper part of the town [Draghíades], and I was ushered into my host's house for the night—a large room on the ground floor—all rafters above and planks below, with a fire-place and fire in the middle of one end, and with carpets and cushions (of no very inviting appearance) on either side of the hearth. On to these I threw myself, and waited patiently for all further occurrences. Presently our host (whose name is Achmet Zináni, and who is a tall, thin, ancient Mohammedan, clad all in red, save a white kilt) having made me a speech profuse of compliments through Anastasio, brings two cups of coffee, and supper is supposed to be about to follow. Dirty, and queer, and wild as this place is, it is far better than those Gheghe-holes, Tyrana and Elbasán—at least the novelty and fine subjects for painting all about one, and the friendly relation in which the stranger stands with regard to the natives, makes him prefer Khimára, even at the outset. Previously to supper Achmet Zináni prayed abundantly, going through the numerous genuflexions and prostrations of Mohammedan devotion, in the centre of the room. After this the meal commenced. The plan of Khimáriot hospitality is this: the guest buys a fowl or

two, and his hosts cook it and help him to eat it. We all sat round the dish, and I, propping myself sideways on cushions, made shift to partake of it as well as I could; but a small candle being the only light allotted to the operation, I was not so adroit as my co-partners, who fished out the most interesting parts of the excellent fowl ragout with astonishing dexterity and success. The low round plate of tin was a perpetual shelter for eight or nine little cats, whom we pulled out from beneath by their tails at momentary intervals, when they wailed aloud and rushed back again, pleased even by feeling the hot fowl through the table, as they could not otherwise enjoy it. After the ragout had nearly all been devoured, and its remains consigned to the afflicted cats, there came on a fearful species of cheese soup, with butter, perfectly fabulous as to filthiness; and after this there was the usual washing of hands, 'à la turque,' and the evening meal was done. Supper over, we all sat in a semi-circle about the fire. Some six or eight of the townsmen came in—a sort of soirée—and drinking cups of coffee was the occupation for some hours. Albanian only is spoken, and very little Greek understood here. About ten or eleven all but the family gradually withdrew; and the old gentleman, Achmet, and the rest of the Albanians rolled themselves up in capotes and slept, Anastasio placed himself across my feet, with his pistols by his side; and as for me, with my head on my knapsack, I managed to get an hour or two of early sleep, though the army of fleas which assailed me as a new comer, not to speak of the excursion cats, who played at bo-peep behind my head, made the rest of the night a time of real suffering, the more so as the great wood fire nearly roasted me, and was odious to the eyes, as a wood fire must needs be."

We are sorry to be unable to make room for the gypsy performance improvised for Mr. Lear's benefit on his arrival at Dukádhes. In the night, sounds less musical were heard.—

"I am awaked an hour before daylight by the most piercing screams. Hark!—they are the loud cries of a woman's voice, and they come nearer—nearer—close to the house. For a moment, the remembrance of last night's orgies, the strange place I was lying in, and the horrid sounds by which I was so suddenly awakened, made a confusion of ideas in my mind which I could hardly disentangle, till, lighting a phosphorus match and candle, I saw all the Albanians in the room, sitting bolt upright, and listening with ugly countenances to the terrible cries below. In vain I ask the cause of them; no one replies; but one by one, and Anastasio the last, all descend the ladder." \* \* \* After a short time, Anastasio and the others returned, but at first I could elicit no cause for this startling the night from its propriety. At length I suppose they thought that, as I was now irretrievably afloat in Khimára life, I might as well know the worst as not; so they informed me that the wailings proceeded from a woman of the place, whose husband had just been murdered. He had had some feud with an inhabitant of a neighbouring village (near Kúdhes) not he returned to his house as was expected last night; and just now, by means of the Khimáriots, whose uproar is unimaginable, the head of the slain man was found on one side of the ravine, immediately below the house I am in, his murderers having tossed it over from the opposite bank, where the body still lay. This horrible intelligence had been taken (with her husband's head) to his wife, and she instantly began the public shrieking and wailing usual with all people in this singular region on the death of relatives. They tell me this screaming tragedy is usual throughout Khimára, and is continued during nine days, commonly in the house of mourning, or when the performers are engaged in their domestic affairs. In the present instance, however, the distressed woman, unable to control her feelings to the regular routine of grief, is walking all over the town, tearing her hair, and abandoning herself to the most frantic wretchedness."

That the Albanians are as proud of a good *keen*-er as the Irish, Mr. Lear had opportunity of observing at Vuno, where the death of one of Anastasio's cousins had taken place just before his arrival.—

"A few Khimáriotes were idling below the shady

trees, and Anastasio was soon surrounded and welcomed back to his native haunts, though I perceived that some bad news was communicated to him, as he changed colour during the recital of the intelligence, and clasping his hands exclaimed aloud with every appearance of real sorrow. The cause of this grief was, he presently informed me, the tidings of the death of one of his cousins, at Vuno, his native place, a girl of eighteen, whose extreme beauty and good qualities had made her a sort of queen of the village, which, said Anastasio, I shall find a changed place, owing to her decease. 'I loved her,' said he, 'with all my heart, and had we been married, as we ought to have been, our lives might have been most thoroughly happy.' Having said thus much, and begging me to excuse his grief, he sat down with his head on his hand, in a mood of woe befitting such a bereavement. Meanwhile I reposed till the moment came for a fresh move onwards, when lo! with the quickness of light the afflicted Anastasio arose, and ran to a group of women advancing towards the olive trees, among whom was one who seemed to interest him not a little, and as she drew nearer I perceived that she was equally affected by the chance meeting;—finally, they sat down together, and conversed with an earnestness which convinced me that the new-comer was a friend, at least, if not a sister, to the departed and lamented cousin of Vuno. It was now time to start, and as the mules were loading, the Khimáriote girl lingered, and I never saw a more exquisitely handsome face than hers: each feature was perfectly faultless in form; but the general expression of the countenance had a tinge of sternness, with somewhat of traces of suffering; her raven tresses fell loose over her beautiful shoulders and neck, and her form, from head to foot, was majestic and graceful to perfection; her dress, too, the short, open Greek jacket or spencer, ornamented with red patterns, the many folded petticoat, and the scarlet embroidered apron, admirably became her. She was a perfect model of beauty, as she stood knitting, hardly bending beneath the burden she was carrying—her fine face half in shade from a snowy handkerchief thrown negligently over her head. She vanished when we were leaving Palasa, but reappeared below the village, and accompanied Anastasio for a mile or more through the surrounding olive grounds, and leaving him at last with a bitter expression of melancholy which it was impossible not to sympathise with. 'Ah, Signore,' said Anastasio, 'she was to have been my wife, but now she is married to a horrid old man of Avlóna, who hates her, and she hates him, and so they will be wretched all their lives.'—'Corpo di Bacco! Anastasio, why you told me just now you were to be married to the girl who has just died at Vuno!'—So I was, Signore; but her parents would not let me marry her, so I have not thought about her any more—only now that she is dead. I cannot help being very sorry; but Fortina, the girl who has just gone back, was the woman I loved better than anybody.'—'Then why didn't you marry her?'—'Perché, perché,' said the afflicted Anastasio, 'perché, I have a wife already, Signore, in Vuno, and a little girl six years old. Si, signor, si.'"

Here we are compelled to halt: but the matter in these journals is so agreeable that we may possibly return to them for further extracts. It is long since we have had a book of travels in Albania; and as some of our pleasantest recollections are connected with the volumes of Leake and Holland and Hughes, we are naturally disposed to linger over a more modern pilgrimage through some of the scenes and some of the sites which they described earlier in the century.

*Industrial Investment and Emigration. Being a Treatise on Benefit Building Societies.* By Arthur Scratchley, M.A. Second Edition. Parker.

We noticed this book on its first appearance [see *Athenæum*, No. 1132]:—but the large additions which Mr. Scratchley has now made, and the daily increasing importance of the subjects of which he treats, seem to demand that we

should bring its merits more particularly under the notice of our readers.—The publication of Mr. Scratchley's first book on Building Societies marks an era in the history of that class of institutions. Before they were taken in hand by this writer, Building Societies were in very much the same loose and unsafe condition as were Friendly Societies previous to Mr. Courtenay's Select Committees of Parliament five-and-twenty years ago. Mr. Scratchley's first edition has all disappeared,—and having now undertaken to extend and revise the whole treatise, he has left very little for any other writer to add on the subject. His volume is a complete and honest exposition of the whole question. We are not sure, perhaps, that the materials might not have been arranged in a simpler form—and that something might not be done with advantage to render certain of the chapters more compact and comprehensive. These, however, are mere minor flaws.

Mr. Scratchley is an ardent disciple of that new school of life assurance which seeks in an almost infinite diversity of applications of the assurance principle, a remedy—or at least a partial remedy—for some of the most distressing evils of modern societies. The party of Mr. Scratchley are entitled to the most serious attention. Their views and speculations are always full of ingenuity, and not unfrequently distinguished by practical skill and sagacity of the highest kind. But caution is required in the application of all new theories to matters so important as those connected with life assurance; and the evil tendency of the present time—if evil it be—is, rather a strong disposition to introduce every new suggestion at once into practice, than, the old one, to reject as unworthy of notice innovations on that which already exists. It is but justice to Mr. Scratchley to say, that his present book exhibits him in a very advantageous light with reference to these questions. The bent of his mind is clearly to strike out new paths; but he is by no means insensible to the necessity of proceeding with great caution,—and he seems to have a just appreciation of the difference between a mathematical novelty on paper, and a mathematical novelty left to fight its way to success against all the impediments of rivalry, apathy, error, and prejudice.

Building Societies—as most of our readers may be aware—are a new application of the assurance principle to a popular object. These Societies profess to enable their members to purchase a house in the course of a few years with the money which under other circumstances would have been paid for it as *rent*. Now, that this is a contrivance worth knowing few people will deny. Like all new and plausible contrivances, it has been abused; and the forms of abuse exposed in Mr. Scratchley's book are many of them of the most impudent and preposterous description. Everything has its quackery:—and we must say, that the quackery of Building Societies has generally been of the grossest kind.

We will allow Mr. Scratchley to give his own clear definition of what a *bona fide* Building Society really implies.

“A Benefit Building Society, when properly constituted, is a species of joint stock association, the members of which subscribe periodically, and in proportion to the number of shares they hold, different sums into one common fund, which thus becomes large enough to be advantageously employed by being lent out at interest to such of the members as desire advances; and the interest, as soon as it is received, making fresh capital, is lent out again and again, so as to be continually reproductive. Large sums may be raised in this manner; for, to take an example, if 1,000 shares were subscribed for at 10s.

per month per share, the amount in one year would be 6,000*l.*, which, month by month as received, might be advanced to any members, who should wish to become borrowers. The payments of borrowers are so calculated as to enable them to repay, by equal monthly or less frequent instalments, within a specified period, the principal of the sum borrowed and whatever interest may be due upon it throughout the duration of the loan. The other members who have not borrowed, and who are generally called *Investors*, receive, at the end of a given number of years, a large sum, which is equivalent to the amount of their subscriptions with compound interest accumulated upon them. The idea of a society upon this principle, correctly formed, and afterwards properly managed, is of the most admirable kind. For, on the one hand, it holds out inducements to industrious individuals to put by periodically from their incomes small or large sums, which are invested for them by the society, and, at the end of a certain time, are repaid to them in the shape of a large accumulation, without their having themselves the trouble of seeking for suitable investments; while on the other hand, the money subscribed, being advanced to some of the members, enables them to purchase houses, or similar property, and to repay the loan by small periodical instalments, extending over a number of years.”

The following passage gives a sketch of the history of these institutions.—

“The first Benefit Building Society, which can be traced, was founded in 1815 under the auspices of the Earl of Selkirk. It was a village club at Kirkcudbright in Scotland. Other institutions of a similar kind were afterwards established in the same kingdom under the title of ‘Menages,’ and the system was soon adopted in England by societies formed in the neighbourhood of Manchester and Liverpool, and other parts of the North. After the year 1830 they increased so rapidly, that on the 14th of July 1836, a special act (6 and 7 William IV. cap. 32) was passed for their encouragement and protection, in the provisions of which were embodied certain clauses applicable to their conduct, which were included in the statutes relating to Friendly Societies, passed in the reigns of George III. and George IV. As a proof of their numbers it may be stated that up to the 30th September 1850, there had been registered in the United Kingdom considerably over 2,000 societies, of which in England alone 169 were added in the first nine months of that year—a proportionate increase having taken place in Scotland and Ireland. Of these societies, there is evidence to show that about 1,200 are yet in existence, the total income of which is calculated at not less than 2,400,000*l.* a year. In fact, there are two or three whose annual incomes are between 50,000*l.* and 60,000*l.* each. The Act of Parliament just mentioned was passed in 1836, under the designation of ‘An Act for the regulation of Benefit Building Societies,’ for the express purpose of encouraging the formation of such institutions, by granting them various privileges, among which is the power of charging a higher rate of interest than was formerly allowed; while, to protect their subsequent operations, it was enacted, that each society should be governed by certain rules, to be approved of, and so certified, by a barrister appointed by Government. When this act was passed, it seems to have been overlooked that societies of this kind would be exposed to more serious danger than ever, when thus encouraged by a special act, if the rates of subscription were to be left unguided by any advice or check furnished by competent authority. This circumstance has been the cause of considerable mischief, inasmuch as by far the greater number of the existing building societies are founded on incorrect principles of payment, and many evince on the part of their originators much ignorance, even of the simplest operations of compound interest. In some instances the statements put forth are very extravagant, and it would not be easy to account for the confidence with which they are too often received, were it not that a species of fascination for this kind of investment seems to possess the minds of the industrious classes; and even persons of superior position, who would be expected to have more information, have united in giving their sanction to the error, for it has been found that no Benefit Building Society has ever been started, however ridiculous its pretensions, which has not speedily

succeeded in drawing together a number of shareholders.”

Mr. Scratchley's book is by no means confined altogether to Building Societies. It is a popular exposition of the principles of most of those institutions which are founded on the doctrines of assurance and which have been tried at various times for the accomplishment of important objects. Among the most famous and favourite speculations of the last century were the *Tontines*. Now, in a few sentences, what is a *Tontine*?—and what is the history of that particular species of adventure? The following extract will tell us.—

“The constitution of a *Tontine* Company differs from the plans considered in preceding chapters, as instead of each and every member reaping an equal benefit from the association, the ultimate main advantages of a *Tontine*, whether in the acquirement of a large capital or other property, are obtainable only by one member, or by that limited number of individuals, out of a large body, who may prove to be endowed with extreme longevity. A few words respecting the origin of the principle, and the tone of the public mind at that time, may not be uninteresting. In the year 1644, a Neapolitan, named Lorenzo Tonti, came to Paris, and, during a scarcity of money which then prevailed, proposed the formation of a kind of *Life Rents* or *Annuities*, which subsequently were designated, after him, *Tontines*, although the principle itself was in operation in Italy before his time. The *Tontines*, so proposed, differed from the afterwards ordinary popular lotteries in the contingency of the increasing, and maximum, advantage being deferred for many years, with the assurance only of a moderate profit beforehand, beginning at a definite rate. After tedious disputes in regard to his original proposal, which was at length rejected for a time, he substituted, in its stead, a new plan for a large *Blanche* or *Lottery*, which, in 1656, obtained the royal approbation. It was to consist of 50,000 tickets, each at two Louis d'Ors, so that the whole receipts would amount to 1,100,000 *Livres* (the Louis d'Or at that time being only eleven *Livres*); from this sum 540,000 *Livres* were to be deducted for building a stone bridge and an aqueduct. The expenses of the *Blanche* were estimated at 60,000 *Livres*, and the remaining 500,000 *Livres* were to be divided into prizes, the highest of which was 30,000 *Livres*. This lottery was never carried out. After some delays, by which the matter was retarded until after the peace in 1660, a *Lottery* was finally opened, and the tickets, at a cost of one louis d'or, were drawn publicly under the inspection of the police. The highest prize was 100,000 *Livres*, and was won by King Louis XIV. himself, who objected to receive it, and left it to the next *Lottery*, in which he had no ticket. Several other lotteries followed to such an extent, that, in the year 1661, it was ordered that all private lotteries should be forbidden under severe penalties, and this prohibition was repeated in 1670, 1681, 1687, and 1700. Since that time no other pure money lotteries have been allowed, but the ‘*Lotteries Royales*,’ the profits of which were, in general, nominally, applied to public buildings, as was the case in regard to the magnificent Church of St. Sulpice in Paris. The first actual *Tontine* upon *Lives* was created in the month of December, 1689, and was practically an *Annuity* association. It was divided into 14 classes of an annual revenue, in all, of 1,400,000 *Livres*. The shares were 300 *livres* a-piece, and the proprietor, without regard to sex, were to receive a yearly dividend, commencing at 10 per cent, with benefit of survivorship by way of increased income in each class. The first class contained children under 5 years of age; the second was composed of others between 5 and 10; the third from 10 to 15; and so on for the other classes. This *Tontine* was very imperfectly filled up; for, into the first class, there entered only 202 members, and equally few persons into the others; yet many other French *Tontines* were formed, subsequently, in 1696, 1709, 1733, 1744. In the year 1726, the French King united the 13th class of the first *Tontine*, with the 14th of the second, all the shares of which were possessed by one person, Charlotte Bonnemay, the widow of Louis Barbier, a Surgeon of Paris, who died at the age of 95: this lady had ventured a stake of 300 *Livres* in each *Tontine*,

and, in the last year of her life, she had for her annuity 73,500 livres, or nearly 3,600*l.* a-year for about 30*l.* The last State Tontine in France was in 1759; after which an impression arose, very justly, that, as the lives did not die off so speedily as was expected, the rate of annuity allowed, in redemption of the capital subscribed, with interest thereon, was very onerous; hence, in 1763, the Council of State decided, that this sort of financial resource for the creation of capital for governmental purposes should not again be resorted to. In England and Ireland, as well as in France, various Tontines were established in the last and present century, some of which are still in existence. The object, originally, in France, was (as we have seen) to raise large sums of money, as a species of loan, to be repaid, principal and interest, by periodic dividends, which were to continue until the death of all the lives, the whole existence of which represented the duration of the loan. Such was the case where Tontines were created for the benefit of the state, when they were divided into classes, according to the respective ages of the members. The whole periodic income of each class was divided among the survivors of that class, until, at last, it fell to one, and, upon the extinction of that life, reverted to the power by which the *Redemption* Tontine was created, and for which it became security for the due payment of the annuities. In this kingdom, however, the system has rarely been adopted as a measure of finance, and the speculation has generally been of a private character, to effect some commercial enterprise; in which latter case the whole capital invested, or the result thereof, whether property purchased or otherwise, fell to the lot of the last survivor. The lives, previously existing, having participated in the increasing dividends of the company."

We cannot in this place undertake to discuss the merits of Mr. Scratchley's plan for promoting Emigration by a scheme founded on assurance principles. We can say, with perfect truth, that it is ingenious and entitled to consideration.—The great merit, however, of Mr. Scratchley's book is, that it leaves dishonest and unsound Building Societies not a single excuse for persevering in their disregard of what is straightforward and prudent.

*Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet-Laureate, D.C.L.* By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.

[Second Notice.]

Next to the notices of Coleridge in these volumes, some of the most interesting are those that relate to Sir Walter Scott:—though they are by no means calculated to raise the writer in general estimation. Indeed, if the report of witnesses—neighbours and friends—may be taken, Wordsworth was in the habit, in conversation, of alluding to Scott's poems with undisguised contempt.—In a far different mood, he treats of his intimacy with Sir George H. Beaumont. Perfect sympathy seems to have existed between the poet and the painter. The latter purchased for and presented to the former an estate (Applethwaite), in order that he, Coleridge and Southey might live closer together,—and at his death left him an annuity of one hundred pounds. Yet even with such a patron as this Wordsworth is a reluctant correspondent. In fact, he disliked the act of writing—and apologizes for his indolence by ascribing it to a weakness and irritability of the chest. At all times he employed the hand of his wife, his sister, his wife's sister, or his daughter, in preference to his own. But for them, many of his verses would have been lost. In his 'Elegiac Musings,' however, Wordsworth did justice to the memory of Beaumont.

Notwithstanding the dislike which Wordsworth entertained to the act of writing, he takes credit to himself for the elaboration of his compositions. No accusation seems to sting him more than that which avers that certain objectionable pieces of fiction were the result of carelessness. This charge he takes every

opportunity of rebutting; and claims credit for having paid the utmost attention to style,—defending the peculiarities of his own on definite principles. On one occasion, he expresses his indignation against Sir Walter Scott for misquoting him.—

“Walter Scott is not a careful composer. He allows himself many liberties, which betray a want of respect for his reader. For instance, he is too fond of inversions; i. e. he often places the verb before the substantive, and the accusative before the verb. W. Scott quoted, as from me,

The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake  
Floats double, swan and shadow,

instead of *still*,—thus obscuring my idea, and betraying his own uncritical principles of composition.”

While on this theme, we will give our readers Wordsworth's picture of 'Yarrow Revisited,'—allusive as it is to the nature of his relations with his Northern contemporary.—

“*Yarrow Revisited.*—In the autumn of 1831, my daughter and I set off from Rydal to visit Sir Walter Scott, before his departure for Italy. This journey had been delayed by an inflammation in my eyes, till we found that the time appointed for his leaving home would be too near for him to receive us without considerable inconvenience. Nevertheless, we proceeded, and reached Abbotsford on Monday. I was then scarcely able to lift up my eyes to the light. How sadly changed did I find him from the man I had seen so healthy, gay, and hopeful a few years before, when he said at the inn at Paterdale, in my presence, his daughter Anne also being there, with Mr. Lockhart, my own wife and daughter, and Mr. Quillinan, ‘I mean to live till I am *eighty*,’ and ‘shall write as long as I live.’”

Though we had none of us the least thought of the cloud of misfortune which was then going to break upon his head, I was startled, and almost shocked, at that bold saying, which could scarcely be uttered by such a man, sanguine as he was, without a momentary forgetfulness of the instability of human life. But to return to Abbotsford. The inmates and guests we found there were Sir Walter, Major Scott, Anne Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart; Mr. Liddell, his lady and brother, and Mr. Allan, the painter, and Mr. Laird, a very old friend of Sir Walter's. One of Burns's sons, an officer in the Indian service, had left the house a day or two before, and had kindly expressed his regret that he could not wait my arrival, a regret that I may truly say was mutual. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Liddell sang, and Mrs. Lockhart chanted old ballads to her harp; and Mr. Allan, hanging over the back of a chair, told and acted odd stories in a humorous way. With this exhibition, and his daughter's singing, Sir Walter was much amused, and, indeed, were we all, as far as circumstances would allow. On Tuesday morning, Sir Walter Scott accompanied us, and most of the party, to Newark Castle, on the *Yarrow*. When we alighted from the carriages, he walked pretty stoutly, and had great pleasure in revisiting these his favourite haunts. Of that excursion, the verses, 'Yarrow Revisited' are a memorial. Notwithstanding the romance that pervades Sir Walter's works, and attaches to many of his habits, there is too much pressure of fact for these verses to harmonise, as much as I could wish, with the two preceding poems. On our return in the afternoon, we had to cross the Tweed, directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, that there flows somewhat rapidly. A rich, but sad light, of rather a purple than a golden hue, was spread over the Eildon Hills at that moment; and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning,

A trouble not of clouds, &c.

At noon on Thursday we left Abbotsford, and on the morning of that day, Sir Walter and I had a serious conversation, *tête-à-tête*, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life which, upon the whole, he had led. He had written in my daughter's album, before he came into the breakfast-room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her; and while

putting the book into her hand, in his own study, standing by his desk, he said to her in my presence, “I should not have done anything of this kind, but for your father's sake; they are probably the last verses I shall ever write.” They show how much his mind was impaired; not by the strain of thought, but by the execution, some of the lines being imperfect, and one stanza wanting corresponding rhymes. One letter, the initial *S*, had been omitted in the spelling of his own name. In this interview, also, it was that, upon my expressing a hope of his health being benefited by the climate of the country to which he was going, and by the interest he would take in the classic remembrances of Italy, he made use of the quotation from 'Yarrow Revisited,' as recorded by me in the "Musings at Aquapendente," six years afterwards.”

Far pleasanter it is to dwell on reminiscences like these than to recur to fragmentary conversations during which, in the freedom of familiar intercourse, professional jealousies are accidentally expressed. No opinions of Wordsworth on Scott, Coleridge or Southey should have obtained insertion in these volumes except such as appeared in his own handwriting, or were dictated by him to authorized amanuenses. They are breaches of confidence which the living man would have resented, and which are offences against the dead.

When Wordsworth did persuade himself to write a letter, he made it an elaborate essay. Filled with description or discussion, it was as carefully composed as a poem. Of his minute word-painting the following is a good specimen.—

“We left Sockburn last Tuesday morning. We crossed the Tees by moonlight in the Sockburn fields, and after ten good miles' riding came in sight of the Swale. It is there a beautiful river, with its green bank and flat holms scattered over with trees. Four miles further brought us to Richmond, with its huge ivied castle, its friarage steeple, its castle tower resembling a huge steeple, and two other steeple towers, for such they appeared to us. The situation of this place resembles that of Barnard Castle, but I should suppose is somewhat inferior to it. George accompanied us eight miles further, and there we parted with sorrowful hearts. We were now in Wensley Dale, and D. and I set off side by side to foot it as far as Kendal. I will not clog my letter with a description of this celebrated date; but I must not neglect to mention that a little before sunset we reached one of the waterfalls, of which I read you a short description in Mr. Taylor's tour. It is a singular scene; I meant to have given you some account of it, but I feel myself too lazy to execute the task. 'Tis such a performance as you might have expected from some giant gardener employed by one of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, if this same giant gardener had consulted with Spenser, and they two had finished the work together. By this you will understand that it is at once formal and wild. We reached Askrigg, twelve miles, before six in the evening, having been obliged to walk the last two miles over hard frozen roads to the great annoyance of our ankles and feet. Next morning the earth was thinly covered with snow, enough to make the road soft and prevent its being slippery. On leaving Askrigg, we turned aside to see another waterfall. It was a beautiful morning, with driving snow showers, which disappeared by fits, and unveiled the east, which was all one delicious pale orange colour. After walking through two small fields we came to a mill, which we passed; and in a moment a sweet little valley opened before us, with an area of grassy ground, and a stream dashing over various laminae of black rocks close under a bank covered with firs; the bank and stream on our left, another woody bank on our right, and the flat meadow in front, from which as at Buttermere, the stream had retired as it were to hide itself under the shade. As we walked up this delightful valley we were tempted to look back perpetually on the stream, which reflected the orange lights of the morning among the gloomy rocks, with a brightness varying with the agitation of the current. The steeple of Askrigg was between us and the east, at the bottom of the valley; it was not a quarter of a mile distant, but oh! how far we were from it! The

two banks seemed to join before us with a facing of rock common to them both. When we reached this bottom the valley opened out again; two rocky banks on each side, which, hung with ivy and moss, and fringed luxuriantly with brushwood, ran directly parallel to each other, and then approaching with a gentle curve at their point of union, presented a lofty waterfall, the termination of the valley. It was a keen frosty morning, showers of snow threatening us, but the sun bright and active. We had a task of twenty-one miles to perform in a short winter's day. All this put our minds into such a state of excitation that we were no unworthy spectators of this delightful scene. On a nearer approach the waters seemed to fall down a tall arch or niche that had shaped itself by insensible moulderings in the wall of an old castle. We left this spot with reluctance, but highly exhilarated. When we had walked about a mile and a half we overtook two men with a string of ponies and some empty carts. I recommended to Dorothy to avail herself of this opportunity of husbanding her strength: we rode with them more than two miles. 'Twas bitter cold, the wind driving the snow behind us in the best style of a mountain storm. We soon reached an inn at a place called Hardrane, and descending from our vehicles, after warming ourselves by the cottage fire, we walked up the brook-side to take a view of a third waterfall. We had not walked above a few hundred yards between two winding rocky banks before we came full upon the waterfall, which seemed to throw itself in a narrow line from a lofty wall of rock, the water, which shot manifestly to some distance from the rock, seeming to be dispersed into a thin shower scarcely visible before it reached the basin. We were disappointed in the cascade itself, though the introductory and accompanying banks were an exquisite mixture of grandeur and beauty. We walked up to the fall; and what would I not give if I could convey to you the feelings and images which were then communicated to me? After cautiously sounding our way over stones of all colours and sizes, encased in the clearest water formed by the spray of the fall, we found the rock, which before had appeared like a wall, extending itself over our heads, like the ceiling of a huge cave, from the summit of which the waters shot directly over our heads into a basin, and among fragments wrinkled over with masses of ice as white as snow, or rather, as Dorothy says, like congealed froth. The water fell at least ten yards from us, and we stood directly behind it, the excavation not so deep in the rock as to impress any feeling of darkness, but lofty and magnificent; but in connection with the adjoining banks excluding as much of the sky as could well be spared from a scene so exquisitely beautiful. The spot where we stood was as dry as the chamber in which I am now sitting, and the incumbent rock, of which the groundwork was limestone, veined and dappled with colours which melted into each other with every possible variety of colour. On the summit of the cave were three festoons, or rather wrinkles, in the rock, run up parallel like the folds of a curtain when it is drawn up. Each of these was hung with icicles of various length, and nearly in the middle of the festoon in the deepest valley of the waves that ran parallel to each other, the stream shot from the rows of icicles in irregular fits of strength, and with a body of water that varied every moment. Sometimes the stream shot into the basin in one continued current; sometimes it was interrupted almost in the midst of its fall, and was blown towards part of the waterfall at no great distance from our feet like the heaviest thunder-shower. In such a situation you have at every moment a feeling of the presence of the sky. Large fleecy clouds drove over our heads above the rush of the water, and the sky appeared of a blue more than usually brilliant. The rocks on each side, which, joining with the side of this cave, formed the vista of the brook, were chequered with three diminutive waterfalls, or rather courses of water. Each of these was a miniature of all that summer and winter can produce of delicate beauty. The rock in the centre of the falls, where the water was most abundant, a deep black, the adjoining parts yellow, white, purple, and dove-colour, covered with water-plants of the most vivid green, and hung with streaming icicles, that in some places seem to conceal the verdure of the plants, and the violet and yellow variegation of the rocks; and in some places render

the colours more brilliant. I cannot express to you the enchanting effect produced by this Arabian scene of colour as the wind blew aside the great waterfall behind which we stood and alternately hid and revealed each of these fairy cataracts in irregular succession, or displayed them with various gradations of distinctness as the intervening spray was thickened or dispersed. What a scene too in summer! In the luxury of our imagination we could not help feeding upon the pleasure which this cave, in the heat of a July noon, would spread through a frame exquisitely sensible. That huge rock on the right, the bank winding round on the left with all its living foliage, and the breeze stealing up the valley, and bedewing the cavern with the freshest imaginable spray. And then the murmur of the water, the quiet, the seclusion, and a long summer day! It was on this journey that the subject of a poem was suggested: *Hart-Leap Well.*"

Wordsworth is generally less successful in argument,—particularly on social topics. The limitation of his sphere of experience and his consequent prejudices hindered his prosperity in treating such questions. The following paragraphs on Education may serve to give the reader a taste of the poet's prose philosophy.—

"Since our conversation upon the subject of Education, I have found no reason to alter the opinions I then expressed. Of those who seem to me to be in error, two parties are especially prominent; they, the most conspicuous head of whom is Mr. Brougham, who think that sharpening of intellect and attainment of knowledge are things good in themselves, without reference to the circumstances under which the intellect is sharpened, or to the quality of the knowledge acquired. 'Knowledge,' says Lord Bacon, 'is power,' but surely not less for evil than for good. Lord Bacon spoke like a philosopher; but they who have that maxim in their mouths the oftenest have the least understanding of it. The other class consists of persons who are aware of the importance of religion and morality above everything; but, from not understanding the constitution of our nature and the composition of society, they are misled and hurried on by zeal in a course which cannot but lead to disappointment. One instance of this fell under my own eyes the other day in the little town of Ambleside, where a party, the leaders of which are young ladies, are determined to set up a school for girls on the Madras system, confidently expecting that these girls will in consequence be less likely to go astray when they grow up to women. Alas, alas! they may be taught, I own, more quickly to read and write under the Madras system, and to answer more readily, and perhaps with more intelligence, questions put to them, than they could have done under dame-teaching. But poetry may, with deference to the philosopher and the religionist, be consulted in these matters; and I will back Shenstone's school-mistress, by her winter fire and in her summer garden-seat, against all Dr. Bell's sour-looking teachers in petticoats that I have ever seen. What is the use of pushing on the education of girls so fast, and mainly by the stimulus of Emulation, who, to say nothing worse of her, is cousin-german to Envy? What are you to do with these girls? What demand is there for the ability that they may have prematurely acquired? Will they not be indisposed to bend to any kind of hard labour or drudgery?—and yet many of them must submit to it, or do wrong. The mechanism of the Bell system is not required in small places; praying after the *fugleman* is not like praying at a mother's knee. The Bellites overlook the difference: they talk about moral discipline; but wherein does it encourage the imaginative feelings, without which the practical understanding is of little avail, and too apt to become the cunning slave of the bad passions. I dislike *display* in everything; above all in education. . . . The old dame did not affect to make theologians or logicians; but she taught to read; and she practised the memory, often, no doubt, by rote; but still the faculty was improved: something, perhaps, she explained, and trusted the rest to parents, to masters, and to the pastor of the parish. I am sure as good daughters, as good servants, as good mothers and wives, were brought up at that time as now, when the world is so much less humble-minded. A hand full of employment, and a head

not above it, with such principles and habits as may be acquired without the Madras machinery, are the best security for the chastity of wives of the lower rank."

We will merely quote further a few detached notes, which give the picture of Wordsworth's last days.—

"On Sunday, the 10th of March, 1850, Mr. Wordsworth attended divine service at Rydal Chapel for the last time. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day he set out to walk to Grasmere, accompanied by Mr. Quillinan and Miss Hutchinson. The weather was ungenial, with a keen wind from the north-east; and Mr. Wordsworth was lightly clad, as usual. He walked over White Moss, and paid a visit to Mrs. Fisher, who had been in his service when he lived at Town-End. He then called at Mrs. Cookson's. Being there asked how Mrs. Wordsworth was, he replied, 'Pretty well: but, indeed, she must be very unwell indeed for any one to discover it: she never complains.' He had been reading the third volume of Southey's Life and Correspondence, and conversed a good deal on that subject. His friends thought him looking feeble: he had a stick in his hand, on which he leaned when sitting in the house. The next day Mr. Wordsworth, accompanied by Mrs. Wordsworth and his two nieces, called at Mr. Quillinan's house, to bid him good-bye before his departure to pay a visit to a friend near Carlisle: he then walked on to Foxhow, to see Mrs. Arnold; and thence to Ambleside, where he called at Mr. Nicholson's, and returned home to Rydal. On the afternoon of the following day Mr. Wordsworth went towards Grasmere, to meet his two nieces, who were coming from Town-End. He called at the cottage near the White Moss quarry, and, the occupant not being within, he sat down on the stone seat of the porch to watch the setting sun. It was a cold bright evening. His friend and neighbour, Mr. Roughsedge, came to drink tea at Rydal; but Mr. Wordsworth, not being well, went early to bed. On the 14th he complained of pain in his side; and the medical advice of Mr. Fell and Mr. Green, of Ambleside, was resorted to. On the 20th the symptoms of the disorder assumed a more serious aspect. The throat and chest were affected, and the pleura were inflamed. In order to subdue the bronchial and pleuric inflammation, it had been thought requisite to resort to medical discipline, which had much reduced his strength, and left him in a state of exhaustion, debility, and lethargy, from which he was not able to rally. He seemed to feel much repugnance both for medicine and food. From this time the reports of his bodily condition fluctuated from day to day for more than a fortnight.

*“Sunday, 7th April.—Mr. Wordsworth completed his eightieth year to-day: he was prayed for in Rydal Chapel, morning and afternoon. \*\* On or about this day [the 20th], Mrs. Wordsworth, with a view of letting him know what the opinion of his medical advisers was concerning his case, said gently to him, ‘William, you are going to Dora.’ He made no reply at the time, and the words seemed to have passed unheeded; indeed, it was not certain that they had been even heard. More than twenty-four hours afterwards one of his nieces came into the room, and was drawing aside the curtain of his chamber, and then, as if awaking from a quiet sleep, he said, ‘Is that Dora?’*

*"Tuesday, April 23rd.—The report this morning was, 'Mr. Wordsworth is much the same.' . . . And so he remained till noon. . . . The entry in Mr. Quilliman's journal for this day is as follows: 'Mr. Wordsworth breathed his last calmly, passing away almost insensibly, exactly at twelve o'clock, while the cuckoo clock was striking the hour.' \* On Saturday, the 27th, his mortal remains, followed to the grave by his own family and a very large concourse of persons, of all ranks and ages, were laid in peace, near those of his children, in Grasmere church-yard. His own prophecy, in the lines,*

Sweet flower ! be like one day to have  
A place upon thy Poet's grave,  
I welcome thee once more,

I welcome thee once more,

is now fulfilled. He desired no sp

is now finished. He desired no splendid or public mausoleum. He reposes, according to his own wish, beneath the green turf, among the dalesmen of Grasmere, under the sycamores and yews of a

country churchyard, by the side of a beautiful stream, and the mountains which he loved."

On the whole, these are two ponderous and unattractive volumes; and even after what we know of the poet's calm and uneventful life, we rise from their perusal with a sense of wonder and disappointment that they should have so little of interest to yield. Something of this is due, no doubt, to the unskillfulness of the biographer; but when that is allowed for, the feeling remains that the reputation of the Poet loses more than it gains by the publication of his Notes and Memoirs.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

## THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

On Thursday morning last, amidst the roar of cannon, the voice of trumpets, and the pomp and pageantry of a royal ceremonial, the great fact of the year was announced,—the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations was opened in Hyde Park. It is hardly a figure of speech to say, that all the world was represented at the ceremony. Royalty was there. The delegates of Kings were there. The deputies of foreign nations were there. Much of all that Europe boasts as most distinguished in rank and genius, in wealth and fashion, was gathered on the first of May within the Crystal Palace; and the hundred thousand votaries of Labour, proud of *their* temple, prouder still of the event which for years to come will lend a new dignity, a fresh interest to their toils,—crowded round the wondrous work, and echoed back the joyous acclamations of those within the building when the royal lips uttered the long-anticipated words—*The Exhibition is opened!*

Within and without, the scene was one which they who saw it will remember when they are old, and try vainly to picture to the young. All the accidents of the day were propitious:—and up to this important point, the execution of the magnificent conception is an unmixed success. The feeling of the day was that which the scheme demanded—kindly and international; and all whom we heard and saw seemed smitten into astonishment at the marvellous beauty of the long talked-of interior on which they looked at last. The grandeur of the scheme, too, seemed to speak to the heart with a new revelation in this its visible embodiment. Whatever anticipations might have been formed by those who have witnessed the growth of this wondrous edifice, are more than realized by its full and completed beauty,—whatever doubts might have been nursed, are gone for ever. There is no flaw in the event:—and the incidents of weather conspired, even to a marvel, to make this unrivalled structure speak, on its opening day, its most eloquent language. A bright May morning looked smilingly down, —but not too

bright. The gentle breeze which kept all the streamers dancing and fluttering without, carried light clouds across the sky that touched every hue and brought out every graduated tone of beauty within the Palace of Glass. The transept above the chair of state erected for the Queen is uncovered:—and all through the morning, wherever else the shadows lay, the sunlight fell on the light blue silk of the canopy overhead, on the crystal fountain and its gushing and gambolling waters, and on the uniforms of red and gold that made a circle round the centre of inauguration. The effect was wonderfully picturesque; and the heart, made superstitious by beauty, could not but accept it as a blessing and an omen. Marvellous, too, it was to see where a gleam of sunshine, determined by the action of the cloud, would seem to travel up the long perspective of the nave,—or run down some shaft bringing it suddenly into coloured relief. Bits of the fairy walls would blush into purple with the suddenness of a smile. Just as the cheering without announced the coming of the Queen, the clouds which had sent down rain, and threatened more, passed away,—and sunlight broke out at once over all the building.

A gallery for the accommodation of visitors had been erected at the eastern extremity of the building, under shelter of the American Eagle:—and from this, the view down the long interminable nave — travelling over the sunny central spot, and bringing all the features and accidents of this main aisle into a single picture — was a marvel to behold. Strange measures of distance presented themselves at this point. When the ceremonial was in progress,—of the loud Anthems performed in the transept, half-way down, no sound reached the eastern gallery:—and when the thousands cheered, the sound came to the ear like a far, faint, and often doubtful echo. From the moment when the Queen turned west out of the transept on her circuit of the nave, till she reached it again by the opposite side, all was silence for those in the gallery. Of the swelling music that everywhere accompanied her march not a note came over the American frontier. The great organ in the western gallery might as well have been playing over seas. The organ on the floor far east of the nave, which poured forth its music as the head of the procession came alongside, was the first reporter to the ear of what was going on. The eye also took measures of distance at this point which were among the curious experiences of the day. Glancing along the greatly narrowed avenue marked by the continuous double line of spectators between whom the Queen was to pass up the southern side, the perspective seemed to stretch infinitely away,—and the termination was a point which the eye could not define. When the procession turned this point, the fact could not be ascertained by the unassisted vision—and it had made some progress up the avenue when it was discovered by means of a telescope.—Then, it was curious to watch how something dim and undefined seemed blotting out the line along which the eye ran—shortening the distance without revealing itself, like the travel of a shadow:—till gradually it took masses and forms, and finally resolved itself into its gay elements and was taken up by attending music!

Apart from the scientific and philosophic interest which must attach to a gathering of the works of Art and Industry—the applied and realized science of the world—the Crystal Palace is to use the expression of a great social fact. The collection of the materials is as nothing compared with the collection of men. A powerful monarch might at any time collect such specimens of industry and skill as are now on view in Hyde Park,—the Emperor of China or the United States Congress may either of them buy up a duplicate of the whole Exhibition,—a Pericles, a Ptolemy, or a Caesar, with great cost and difficulty might have formed a museum of the industry of their times: but in no age except the present—in no country perhaps save England—could the industry and the industrials, the conceiving mind and the executive hand, of the world have been brought together under the same con-

ditions of free emulation. What has antiquity to show in comparison with the scene in Hyde Park? The noblest congresses of the ancient world look narrow, insular and local by its side. The glory of the Olympian Games pales in contrast with the Festival of Industry. Pericles could not have called the producers of the world together, because Greeks could not associate on equal terms with foreigners. At the Olympian games the stranger had no place. It was thought enough to allow him to be present as a spectator. In their exclusive pride of race, the Greeks recognized only the man of their own blood. Kings and princes begged in vain to exhibit at their games and contend for their oaken crowns. That this old and formidable barrier between nation and nation is thrown down for the future, the Crystal Palace is a pledge. It is the work of nations, performed in their individual as well as in their corporate capacities. While looking down the eastern nave along the line of American and Continental art, the memory reverts to the Southampton water, where the non-armed war-ships of Turkey and of the United States ride at anchor, after having poured out of their holds, instead of missiles of war, the trophies and the ministers of peace. On this common ground are united nearly all the princes of the world—the energies of governments and of people; and nothing less than this combination could have achieved the object in view. In this co-operation on equal terms, for a common end, and in the success which has attended it so far in its progress, the future historian will remark the first settled sign of the coming Fraternity of Nations. The Crystal Palace knows no difference between Jew and Greek, Frank and Saxon. In that arena, for the first time in the annals of mankind, the Negro, the Malay, the Slave and the American will stand together on equal terms; and merit of its kind will carry away the honours of genius and industry without reference to questions of blood, type, or colour. This is a starting point for a true theory of the equality of nations,—a new era in the history of progress.—The absence of Naples seems to make her a self-doomed outcast among the communities of the world.

A similar social result develops itself in our own country. Long and truly it has been the reproach of England that its various classes—lived apart—had no interests, no habits, no sympathies in common. The fashionable, the official, the literary and the operative world have seldom approached each other before, and never mixed together. Exclusion has been written hitherto on every door,—especially in the higher circles; and a dead and pompous formalism, growing out of narrow views and selfish vanities, has prevented the cordial and healthy intercourse of different sections of society. The Crystal Palace is a blow struck at this exclusive system. The Royal Commission—for the first time in the history of royal commissions—is composed of men representing not only many shades of opinion, but likewise many varieties of social standing. At the Council-board, royalty sits down with the peer and the cotton-spinner: to the great horror of the men of red-tape and the masters of courtly ceremonial,—but very much to the satisfaction of men who are looking for a better future. There are not wanting those who regard this amalgamation of ranks—this introduction of the representatives of industry into the close arcana of a royal commission—as likely to lead to results, to the dissemination of ideas, not less important than the material advantages to be gained by the Exhibition. It may be so. At present, the throne itself stands somewhat nearer to the people than it has hitherto done.

Whether the point of view be taken from the exterior or from the interior,—the Crystal Palace is itself the grandest feature of the Exhibition. Not only in its extent, and in its matchless beauty of form and material, but likewise in the rapidity of its construction, it is the most marvellous edifice in the world. The Alhambra and the Tuileries would not fill up the eastern and western naves,—and the National Gallery would stand very well beneath the transept. St. Paul's Cathedral does not cover half the ground. The Palace of Ver-

[May 3]

sailles, the largest in the world, would extend but a little way beyond the transept. A dozen metropolitan churches would stand erect under its roof of glass. Yet its extent is its least interesting feature. The sense of its marvellous beauty overcomes every other feeling. Since the young imagination, fired with tales of sprites and genii, conjured up visions of Eastern palaces, adorned with the splendours of Arabian fiction, there has been nothing to compare with it for grace, lightness, fancy and variety of effects as the sun is crossed by moving clouds. That this edifice has been raised and completed in five months—that in November last not a pillar had been erected, and now the whole structure is finished, to the minutest point of decoration—is a fact to impress the stranger with a magnificent conception of our industrial resources. How curious it is to reflect that in a palace which almost seems to have arisen in a single night by magic, the sober and practical Saxon has invited the workers of the whole earth to a friendly trial of strength under the verdict of the fine old Saxon institution of the jury! How the romantic and the practical seem here to have met and shaken hands! What an impulse this may give to thought in regions now dormant and stationary. The Moors of Fez and Morocco, the Slaves of Russia, the German, the Turk, the Italian—will all gain some little experience of the jury-system:—some of them will become practically acquainted with its forms and functions. It is a good and a fruitful idea, that of having the juries composed half of Englishmen and half of foreigners. A certain State of Barbary has expressed a wish to have its products judged by Englishmen alone:—there is a compliment here of a very pleasant kind; it is one among many evidences of the good feeling that exists,—but the Moors as yet know little of the spirit of this English institution. We are glad, however, to find that they have now a legitimate and native industry to exhibit:—not many years ago, the staple production of the African coast was an article considered contraband in all civilized nations—the sea *chevalier d'industrie*.

Wandering about the transept, naves, galleries and compartments of the Crystal Palace is like wandering through a realm of dreams. Trees, fountains, music, marble statues, picturesque and living beauty in a thousand forms are on every hand,—still or moving,—in that calm repose in which Art consecrates the ideal which it transfers to stone, or in that glowing life in which nature clothes her works. The spectator seems to move through endless scenes as they might be arranged by a clever artist for the grand Opera. The dexterous stage manager could not arrange his transitions and dispose his pictures with a better effect. Every nation seems to have stamped on its section of the palace its physical facts and mental characteristics. Beginning at the transept, there is the compartment of the Ottoman, rich, gorgeous, picturesque, but nearly all the articles unarranged, in part unpacked:—there, is the fact which through the east of Europe has stamped the character of the splendid but dilatory Turk. In the space assigned to the industrious Dutch, the counters are crowded with specimens, the fittings are plain, the workmanship in many instances is of the best class,—the work is complete. Dip down again on Russia,—and there the costly mahogany cases tell the tale of half-barbarian show and ostentation of superior wealth, making the casket shame the jewel it is intended to hold. America marks her physical fact and political condition quite curiously on this elaborate map of nations. She seems, as it were, present bodily and in her native proportions in the segment of the eastern nave devoted to her illustration. A huge eagle, with wings spread out as if to overshadow half a world, surmounting a banner with the stars and stripes, on which is gilded the motto of the Union—“*E pluribus unum*”—looks down over a vast allotment, in which the widely scattered articles exhibited bear no just relation to the extent. She has here, as at home, large spaces unoccupied. In the Crystal Palace, as elsewhere, the American must have plenty of elbow-room. The unsettled prairies of his country are suggested

the more than half empty areas of which he disposes.—The Belgians and Dutchmen can hardly stir in their well-stored compartments :—the American has wildernesses between his scattered stalls. He shows but little in the way of Art :—a novelty in sculpture, a red Indian chief chiselled in American marble being the chief novelty in this department. But he shows magnificent specimens of ploughs, carriages, and other useful articles; and a specimen of a sledge so graceful and elegant as to tempt many to sigh for a moonlight ride after the fairies in such a vehicle, across pathless tracks of American snow, with snorting steeds, and accompanied by the jingle of its silver bells. Greece is represented, appropriately, by—a block of marble. Alas, for Greece ! Here is a block worthy of the genius of Phidias :—perhaps cut from the self-same quarry as the Apollo. But the skill to mould it into forms of matchless beauty,—where, in the land to which Art looks back and up as to the parent source, is that ? To see the Niobe of nations in this destitute condition as regards Art, suggests mournful reflections.

He who runs down the main avenue of the building may read the characters of national industry in the great objects of attraction which are placed there. The eastern, or foreign nave is filled with statuary and colossal works of Art appealing to the taste, the senses, and the imagination of the spectator. There, are the Prussian Amazon, the Austrian group of Mazepa, the cast of the Bavarian lion, the rearing horses from Stuttgart, the monstrous Crusader, and the French organ. On the British and Colonial side of the crystal fountain are sections of mahogany trees, a light-house, an immense pier-glass, a trophy of Spitalfields silk, and a carved screen. The collection of articles from Italy is less rich and varied than may have been expected by many; but the visitor will not fail to notice that some of the best works of Austria are marked with the name of Milan. Even the genius of Italy, it seems, is linked to the car of the stranger and made to add to his glory and her own shame. But if Austrian Art needs to borrow laurels from the talents of Lombardy, Austrian furnishing eclipses all rivalry. The suite of apartments fitted up by a Viennese in the choicest style of the upholsterer's art is unique in taste, in arrangement, in simplicity, and general beauty and harmony of parts—not to speak of the fountain of *Eau de Cologne*. In such a library as this should Cervantes have written his immortal work:—at such a table Sallust might have dined:—in such a bed the gentle Queen of Hearts should have reposed, lulled by the faint fall of the fountain and perfumed by the essences of Jean Maria Farina. Exquisitely chaste is the arrangement of the drawing-room; yet the apartment is luxurious enough for the most confirmed of Sybarites. Here one might lounge for hours were there a second *Scheherezade* to get up another series of *Arabian Nights*, and with the world with wondrous tale-telling.

But in the vast museum of art and nature now about us, romance almost grows tame and commonplace by the side of realities. Richness, contrast, variety, surround the spectator. Sounds and sights combine as they have never been combined before, and contrast as they have never been before contrasted. Things the most seemingly incongruous stand side by side:—yet all are related—and in this place the long and detailed story of their relations may be studiously read. Above the nearer Babel of tongues and voices—the nasal twang of France, the deep, guttural German sounds, and the full, round intonation of the Italian—rises a distant hum, and hiss, and splash of feet, and tongues, and fountains,—ever and anon broken and parted by the grand organ-notes, that break and part for the moment only to combine, as it were, the whole into one mighty and mysterious monotone. Living and leafy trees climb through the boarded floors and pierce the crystal roof. Bells scatter silver tones, and fountains fling up scented waters. Fiction in her wildest flights has never dared to imagine such a scene. Here is the whole world concentrated in a mere point in space:—that which is the active life of the universe—the mighty and multifarious action by which all

man's material and most of his intellectual wants are supplied—brought for the first time into a single point of view. The conceiving mind, the productive energy, the unfailing anew, as well as the inexhaustible stores of nature, are all here. In that beautiful collection of mineral specimens—in that series of Liverpool imports—in that mass of agricultural implements—Science will point to the thousand triumphs of patient and laborious work. Every rack, wall, shed, and counter tells a tale and conveys a lesson. Here, is a colossal map of Manchester, now confessedly the second town in England; yet many men will look at that wall who recollect a time when the town was an obscure and unnoticed place, with a quarter of its present population, and about as much weight in the country as Edmonton or Hornsey. There, is the Messrs. Applegath's printing-press, striking its ten thousand copies per hour of a paper containing more type than an octavo volume. Estimate the distance between the laborious process of printing employed by Caxton with the steam-power of Applegath, and the difference will be the measure of the growth of our Fourth Estate during the last three centuries and three quarters. Everywhere we find evidences of new arts, inventions, processes, or materials. Among these, photography, phonotypy, guispercha, printing in colours, and telegraphs occupy a prominent position.

When the feeling of novelty and beauty is a little calmed, the mind becomes impressed with an idea that all the objects are dwarfed—by the vastness of the whole. Here is one of the relations of true relation. The huge beech-trees under the transept no longer look like the giants of the Park they were a few months ago. Figures which in private rooms were colossal are apparently reduced to the human size. A looking-glass of extraordinary dimensions looks but a trifle too large for a good drawing-room; and the neighbouring lighthouse appears like a moderate-sized bird-cage.

Among the miscellaneous articles which lend a charm to the Exhibition are the stained glass windows in the west end and along the north gallery of the eastern nave,—the great diamond, Kol-i-noor,—the collection of flowering plants—and the bee-hives and live bees. In a collection of the industries of nations, it is not inappropriate that a corner should be found for the most industrious insects. Means are provided for their exit from the Building into the Park and Kensington Gardens, where they will no doubt find sweets enough to feed on during the spring and summer; and the hives are so arranged that the visitors will be able to see how the little colony of workmen proceed in their never-ending toil.

But the mind fails to comprehend at once the meanings of this majestic scene,—and the pen fails far behind the possibility of an attempt at describing it. The morals multiply on every hand, and grow at every minute. Not the least suggestive effect of this great gathering is, we have said, the contrasts which it supplies. The prince and the peasant are here brought into close and immediate juxtaposition. The Queen is a considerable contributor; and near to the royal specimens may be seen the contribution of the milliner's girl and the poor needle-woman. There may be some consolation to the humble operative in the human equality which is thus made apparent:—in the feeling that she is a free competitor in this contest of art and skill even with the majority of England. Not of slight importance to the claims and interests of Labour is it, that the whole attention of the world has been thus drawn by an irresistible attraction to this subject:—that for the year past and the year to come the conversation of philosophers and statesmen, the literary and the fashionable worlds, has been and will be to a large extent the topic of industry and its agents. Here is one of the feelings which grow as we dwell on them,—till this takes a very striking and significant form. Here, for the first time *WORK*, in the presence of all the powers that rule the world, takes its just relations. Over all the assembled aristocracies here, *LABOUR* is President. *Industry* is the Genius of the scene. None of the social influences or illustrations are absent:—and as the eye glances

up the tall shafts and down the long receding aisles of the marvellous structure itself, or wanders over the wondrous walls and through the crowded corridors, it is felt that the men of science and the men of toil who do their bidding are the chiefs in this great assembly. The elements of Imperial strength are revealed in their fit proportions and fall into their true relations. The royal pageant of the day had a beauty and an interest for us such as we never found in any heraldic pageant before, simply because, like all else here, it was a homage to the spirit of the place.—Out of this good of many kinds must come. The ovation of Labour passed,—the position of the Labourer, it is fair to expect, may be somewhat changed for the better: permanently improved in the general opinion and consideration of society, if not at once in his positive material condition. The one will lead to the other in time.

The western nave affords one contrast worth mentioning:—there, we have the types and expressions of two worlds—the past and the future. Mr. Pugin has here set up his picturesque tradition of the mediæval time,—groin and cross, painted window and Gothic arch. Mr. Platt, working with another set of ideas and materials, shows by actual trial the whole process and mystery of that staple manufacture on which the greatness of England in a large measure reposes. The cotton trade, it was always said, enabled us to bear the vast expenses of the last war:—the spinning-jenny helps to support some millions of our people who without its aid must either emigrate or die. Intensely attractive, therefore, must be the means and machinery by which it is continued and upheld in its supremacy. Though we are far from being insensible to the merit of such fancies as the Mediæval Art restorer may indulge in, we confess to a paramount interest in the combinations of the Oldham machinist. Beginning with the "devil" and ending with the loom,—this collection of machinery contains a complete series for the manufacture of cotton. Nor does less interest attach to the other specimens of that practical agency by which our greatness is achieved,—the steam-engine, the locomotive, the paper-making machine, the wool-jenny, and the omnibus. In each of these instruments—most of them opposed on their first introduction by prejudice and ignorance combined as detrimental to manual labour, and likely to supersede the human machine—the thinker will read a history of human progress, developed gradually, but rapidly and grandly, under the new influence brought to bear on the industrial world. It is well known to statistic that without mechanical powers of a very advanced and complicated kind, the present population of England could not possibly be maintained on the soil. Machinery does the heavy work of life,—and labour is now chiefly confined to its superintendence. Without the machinery, the amount of work could not be done. It is calculated that in Great Britain alone there is employed at this moment scientific power equal to a thousand million of horses. As every horse requires as much land for pasture as would suffice to feed eight men, it follows that every thousand added to the number which already exists would displace eight thousand human beings:—so that it is impossible to increase the amount of animal and human power to any great extent. Machine breaking is consequently an act of positive self-destruction.

No part of this great Museum of Art and Industry is, we repeat, without its moral and its suggestion to those who have leisure and disposition to gather them in. Looking at the design, as now revealed in the actual facts and results, we are more than ever sensible of the august conception, the infinite tact, talent, and patient industry required to carry it out so far.—All who have been concerned in bringing such a collection together, from the Prince who presides over the Royal Commission to the workman who raised the pillars,—is entitled to feel a just pride in the grand result.

#### THE PENN CONTROVERSY.

An influential organ of the weekly press, evading the real point at issue—the validity or inva-

lidity of the "charges" made by Mr. Macaulay against Penn—endeavours to divert attention to the way in which the answer to these charges has been given by Mr. W. E. Forster and by myself. Perhaps a few words of explanation—for which I trust you will allow me your columns—may relieve the argument of this digression.

In the extra chapter, my object was to present, in as few words and as clearly as I could, the "case" itself,—not to write its history. That it has a history, every one is aware. The attack on Penn did not begin with Mr. Macaulay, nor the defence with Mr. Forster. A host of forgotten pamphlets appeared in his lifetime. The misrepresentation assumed importance in Burnet, from whom it descended through Echard, Franklin, Chalmers, and Mackintosh: while the line of due appreciation came down through Sidney Tillotson, Clarkson, Bancroft, and the members of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. But neither my space nor my purpose allowed me to trace to its source every word that had been written—for or against—on the subject. Mr. W. E. Forster—for whom I entertain a deep regard on other and personal grounds—found the materials of a reply ready to his hand,—just as Mr. Macaulay had found, in Chalmers and Mackintosh, the materials for his accusation. Whoever attacks or defends Penn's reputation must appeal to many of the same historical vouchers. But the point of interest for the public just now is—was Mr. Macaulay wrong? If this be proved, I am willing to divide—not only with Mr. Forster, but with Mr. Post, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Friend*, the *Tablet*, and other persons and papers—the merit of having made out the case.

As others have called for the explanation, I may be allowed—though it can in no way affect the main argument—to point out where the "case" stood when Mr. Forster left it, and how far it has since been advanced. I take the Taunton affair as being the gravest and most important. Mackintosh first accused Penn of lending himself as the agent of the maids of honour,—his sole authority being Sunderland's letter to "Mr. Penne." Mr. Macaulay repeated the accusation. To this Mr. Forster replied by suggesting a doubt—merely suggesting the doubt—whether the letter was really addressed to the Quaker Penn.—"The address in the State Paper Office," he writes, "is not William Penn, Esq.—nor William Penn at all,—but plain Mr. Penne; and therefore it is quite possible that it was intended for a certain George Penne (possibly," he adds in a note, "the G. Penn mentioned by Pepys in his Diary, April 4, 1660) who it appears was instrumental in effecting the release from slavery of a Mr. Azariah Pinney." But the doubts and possibilities thus suggested had very little weight with Mr. Forster himself; for he immediately proceeded to argue the case on the assumption that Penn was the person addressed—and employed,—finding an explanation or an apology for him in either case. Nor did his suggestions bear looking into. The G. Penn referred to by Pepys is clearly General Penn—William's father,—as Lord Braybrooke in the last edition of the "Diary" points out:—Mr. Forster's suggestion, therefore, on this head failed entirely. His other suggestion—though it now proves to have been the true scent, had he only followed it—Mr. Forster failed to make out by any proof. The authority for the existence of this "George Penne" was Mr. George Roberts, of Lyme; who in searching for materials for his "Life of Monmouth," had fallen once on the trace of a "George Penne" as a pardon-broker. But in honestly stating the fact as he had found it, Mr. Roberts himself—perhaps misled by the false inference of Mackintosh—expressed his own impression that "George" was a slip of the pen for William,—and that the negotiator was in fact the great Quaker. The ground here obtained was therefore too slight for Mr. Forster even to plant a doubt on.—The cautious historical critic who reviewed the controversy as it then stood, in the number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1850, came to the conclusion that Mr. Forster's attempt to throw doubt on the identity of the Mr. Penne of Sunderland's letter with William Penn the Quaker was unsuccessful:—and this I believe

was the conclusion of every man who carefully examined the subject at that time.

At this point, my own inquiries overtook those of Mr. Forster. I had long known the enigmatical George Penne in the Monmouth volumes; and had it not been for the avowed scepticism of Mr. Roberts, I should have felt no doubt about his being identical with Lord Sunderland's correspondent. But as the writer who discovered him had left it doubtful whether he was a man or a mistake—an actual pardon-broker or a mere slip of the pen—I felt that before any argument could be fairly built on him, it was necessary to establish the fact of his existence. This was not easy; as that very obscurity of position which made him the proper agent for such a work was likely to have prevented any other mention of his name in extant documents. Still, I continued the search. Mr. Roberts was good enough to send me the extracts which he had made from the Pinney papers. The entry in which the name of "George" occurs, runs thus:—"Bristol, Sept. 1685, Mr. John Pinney is debtor to money p<sup>d</sup> Geo. Penne, Esq., for the ransome of my bro<sup>r</sup> Aza. August, 1685, 65l." The descendants of these brothers Pinney took the trouble to make another search through the family papers for me:—which however ended in their having to assure me "that no collateral proof of the existence of George Penne could be found." The doubts of Mr. Roberts seemed strengthened by this failure. I spent day after day at the British Museum, at the State Paper Office, and at other places, in the hope of finding some independent and original evidence of the existence of such a man as the supposed George Penne—if he were a real personage—must have been. At last, I found it in the books of the Privy Council Office. The George Penne, pardon-broker in 1685, I found petitioning in 1687 for the monopoly of a gaming-table. Mr. Roberts's doubts were at once removed. His George Penne was not only found again, but found in that exact relation to the court and in that precise moral condition which would be required in the man whom the maids of honour designed to employ—but did not,—and whom Mr. Pinney engaged to negotiate his brother's pardon. The same able writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in speaking last month of this discovery, says:—"Now, finding a George Penne mixed up in the Monmouth pardon business—and all idea that this was a mistake for William Penn being done away by the discovery of a veritable George Penne by Mr. Dixon—a discovery made under circumstances which prove this George Penne not to have been over nice as to his mode of employment,—these facts, putting aside everything else, lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the 'Mr. Penne' of Lord Sunderland's letter was far more likely to be 'George Penne,' the pardon-broker and gambling-table aspirant, than William Penn, the philanthropic Quaker." The missing link was found,—and this, the gravest of Mr. Macaulay's charges, was at an end.

It is for others to say how far my discovery affects the argument as it relates to Mr. Forster's labours. The writer just quoted observes:—"We concluded our remarks in July last by declaring that the memory of the great Quaker was entitled to a verdict of NOT PROVEN:—Mr. Dixon has now entitled it to a verdict of CLEAR AND ABSOLUTE ACQUITTAL." This, if I do not mistake, is the general opinion.

HEPWORTH DIXON.

#### THE Isthmus of PANAMA.

Jamaica, March, 1851.  
My last letter [see ante, p. 453] left me crossing the Isthmus from Gorgona to Panama.—

The whole passage of the Isthmus, from Chagres to Panama, including river and ride, with bad road, muddy ravines, and stony paths, is not to be compared in difficulty or hardship with many European passes,—such as either the Vignemale in the Pyrenees, or the Malinizer Tauern in the Tyrol:—and the Panama Pass does not yield to either in beauty or interest, though of a widely different nature. I felt glad to have made the passage over the Isthmus in the old-fashioned way, with mule and canoe,—for the days come apace when such will be superseded,

like our English mail-coaches, by the universal eveller, *the rail!* In some respects, it reminded me of the passage of the Suez Desert,—the “sister” isthmus,—for the *kanje* is an overgrown canoe, and the donkey a near relation of the mule. I passed the Egyptian isthmus in 1838—before poor Waghorn’s omnibuses were “profaning” the Desert sand,—and I thank God for it, although I respect the omnibuses.

I returned by the same route from Panama to Chagres six weeks later (arriving here about ten days ago), and made out the whole passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, *with heavy baggage*, in less than seventeen hours,—having good mules and mounted muleteers. I understand that this is supposed very quick for pack mules,—but the road was better than when I first passed. I was disappointed not to get a glimpse of the Pacific from the crest of some of the hills, on the way across,—and strained my eyes ineffectually to do so;—but I did not see its broad calm expanse till I reached the balcony of my fonda in Panama.

The wonderful facility of the whole route and the striking aptness of the locality for a line of communication connecting two great worlds (for the Atlantic and Pacific are each a geographical and commercial world) are the thoughts which present themselves to the traveller on crossing this Isthmus; and it seems a pity that such enormous sums and so many good lives have been spent in trying to effect a North-west Passage—through fields of ice—when half the sum laid out here would have given to the world a railway or canal years ago. Ever since the “Darien Expedition,” in 1699, from time to time, the subject has been urged on the world, and especially on England,—but in vain; and it is galling and annoying to the Englishman to see *now* the great work taken out of his hands and appropriated by another nation,—however much he may admire the project and hope for its speedy completion.

Panama is well situated,—on a rocky headland jutting out towards the islands which form, opposite to it, a beautiful bay and harbour. The scene from the Fort of Panama is splendid. The town is picturesque, with church and cathedral towers, high stone houses, and streets rather narrow—like those in old Spain. At present, it is crowded with “Ritorndos” from California—homeward bound with their gold-dust,—and each steamer brings hundreds. The inns are not good, but some of the lodging-houses are comfortable. I found the “Libertad del Iamo,” kept by Duquesnay, a Jamaica man, clean and cool, and the servants civil and obliging. The trade of Panama increases daily. I left about fifty ships and four steamers in the harbour. The changes which will ensue when the railway is opened, are incalculable;—for then, the whole of the Pacific islands, the whole coast of North and South America, New Zealand, Australia, and in fact China and Japan, will communicate with New York and London *entirely and only by Panama*,—and this not by letters and correspondence alone, but by merchandise and produce of all kinds,—forming a centre and vortex for trade, and for a mass of population—artisans, merchants, sailors and labourers—at Panama and its neighbourhood.

As to the other routes across the continent from ocean to ocean, they are *all* difficult; but Tehuantepec and Nicaragua are both quite practicable,—the former for a railway, the other for a *shallow* canal. The “Atrato” route is not known, and has never been *well* surveyed. All the inquiries I made about it in South America lead to the fact that the Andes chain is no lower between Cupico and the Atrato than between the Chagres and Panama,—taking either the depression next the Rio Caymito or that next the Rio Grande. This confirms all that Baron Humboldt says on the subject. I had a long letter from him about a year ago; and I am surprised to see in some English papers his name used as *advising* the Atrato route—when he only recommends a scientific survey. But *all* these routes are too long:—the grand fact in favour of the Panama route being that *at present*, with primitive and old-fashioned conveyance, an active man can cross from ocean to ocean in fifteen hours, and never be 600 feet above the

level of the sea all the time. The Panama route is in *every* respect the best;—and although the others may eventually be made, still the line of communication and traffic has already taken a “set” by Panama, which no other route will ever regain. And it is well to remember, that the great portion of the traffic and regular trade to and from the Atlantic across the Isthmus will be with Lima, Valparaiso, the Islands, Australia and China,—not with California or the coast of North America,—for the future of Panama depends very little on California. Had it been otherwise, the Tehuantepec route would have had more reasons in its favour than it has,—and so also would the Nicaragua. The harbour of Panama is excellent,—with plenty of good fresh water convenient; and moles and jetties can easily be built, affording every possible advantage, since the tide rises on an average 17 or 18 feet. The port is perfectly sheltered, with deep anchorage half a mile from shore, and with plenty of room,—and a climate unusually healthy and cool.

To the active labourer, whether agriculturist or mechanic, a favourable field will be opened on the Isthmus for emigration; and agricultural produce of all kinds will find (indeed, they find *now*) a lucrative market at Panama. And when the railway can carry produce, which at present it is impossible to send on mules, our West India colonies will find sale for their provisions—vegetables, and even sugar; for it is more cheaply made in Jamaica, with all existing disadvantages, than anywhere on the Pacific.

Another subject of interest to this locality is, the probability of a revolution, severing the Isthmus province from the Republic of New Granada altogether, and constituting it an independent State. This event seems likely and imminent; and if the Isthmus agreed to assume its full share of the New Granada debt, it is to be presumed that the English, French, and American Governments would not object to recognize the measure. The revolution would be a bloodless one; and, unlike most European revolutions, would do great good and little harm. Everything connected with the legislation of the district would be better arranged than just now; for the distance to Bogota is so great that Government business is badly done. The influential people in and about Panama wish for a change; and it is openly talked of, and approved of. The only question seems to be, the when. This disruption might be avoided by constituting Panama the capital and seat of government of New Granada; but difficulties would exist in carrying this out at Bogota, where all the present officials are,—and a radical change appears more probable and more desirable.

Panama is accessible by steamers from all points on the Pacific Coast, from Valparaiso on the south, as far as California and Oregon northwards,—and is a pleasant head-quarters for a winter’s sojourn, from which to make excursions. Lima, Quito and the Andes, and Mexico are all within easy distance. Chagres is only three days’ steaming from Jamaica; and the mail steamers will go in a few months from Southampton to the Isthmus in twenty days. It is a part of the world second to none in interest and in beauty of scenery; and to travellers who find Europe, Egypt, and the Mediterranean “used up,” a new country is opened here, fresh and little trodden. To the sketcher and lover of grand and beautiful scenery, the Isthmus and South America are a rich field,—full of loveliness, of “fine effects,” and of adventures. To the sportsman, whether with rifle, double barrel, or rod and angle, no “beat” can surpass the Isthmus. Fish abound in every stream,—deer, plover, snipe, and the pheasant of South America in every thicket; and within half a mile of Panama game of all sorts may be shot,—for the inhabitants are poor sportsmen, and the deer little disturbed, and seen in herds whenever one takes the trouble to seek for them.

Travelling in these districts is just now very expensive; but this will cease, and be more equalized, when the railway takes the place of the 4,000 mules employed in the transit trade. A good pack-mule costs 16 dollars a-day, a saddle-mule 20! Living and house-rent at Panama are expen-

sive. The English Consul is obliged to pay 600 a-year for his house,—and it is not a large one, nor commodious:—so, he is building a handsome new one on a piece of ground that he has purchased. Other things are in proportion,—and good servants scarce. But the Isthmus is in a transition state, and the railway will alter all things for the better. Let us hope that within two years it will be finished,—will answer all the anticipations of its projectors and proprietors,—pay them well,—and benefit all the world.

A canal across the Panama Isthmus is practicable, nearly as much so as across by Nicaragua; for the Chagres, the Trinidad, the Caymito, and the Rio Grande are all good feeders,—the locks would not be over difficult,—and the harbours at each end (Navy Bay and Panama) are better respecting than any other termini, such as San Juan de Nicaragua, Realejo, Tabasco, &c. But a ship canal is a monster of such fearful aspect, as regards cost, that however grand the result of its accomplishment would be, we must in the mean time trust to the railway creating an intercourse which in process of time will so grow and augment as to demand a ship canal *at whatever cost*, and obtain it.

A. D.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A special meeting of the committee and friends of the Oriental Translation Fund took place on Saturday last, at the Royal Asiatic Society’s house, in New Burlington Street, for the purpose of presenting to H. H. Wilson, Esq., Boden Professor of Sanscrit at Oxford, the gold medal of the Fund bearing the name of King William the Fourth as its patron. This medal, which had remained unappropriated, was adjudicated to the Professor at a meeting of the committee on the 1st of March last. The Duke of Northumberland took the chair; and, in addressing Prof. Wilson, remarked, that this award had been made as a token of the committee’s high appreciation of the value of the Professor’s eminent services to Oriental literature,—particularly in testimony of their estimation of his translation from the Sanscrit of the *Vishnu Purana*, one of the most learned works yet published under the auspices of the committee.—It was intimated in the room that the King of Hanover had, since the adjudication of this committee, also presented the Professor with a gold medal, as a mark of his Majesty’s approbation of his labours.—On the table was exhibited the collection of volumes which have been printed under the auspices of the committee,—comprising nearly seventy works, translated from various languages of the East. Many of these are of value and interest; and, it may be assumed, would probably have been little known to European literature, but for the institution of the Oriental Translation Fund.

We read in the *Builder* that the vestry of St. James’s, Westminster, have purchased a site of twenty acres of land adjoining Battersea Common, on which they intend to erect an industrial school for the pauper children of the parish. The scheme of education is based on the Reigate plan. The boys are to be made cultivators of the soil, and passed at the proper age into country employment or into the Colonies.—This is the only way to eradicate town vices from the young of families to which the moral atmosphere of Westminster and St. Giles has become almost a matter of constitution.

Among the most familiar myths of the English household, is the name of Cocker. Daily, almost hourly, is his name invoked. But who was he, or when he lived, how few can tell! Like the composer of the National Anthem, the world seems to care but little for his person. He has sent his card down to posterity, and little more;—yet men swear in his name, make bargains by his rules, arrange debts, declare dividends, settle marriage contracts, under his auspices. Cocker and arithmetic are popularly identical. We appeal to his laws, though we no longer use them. They exist as a potent tradition; and give the name of their originator to the works by which they were themselves superseded. How many men have ever seen that famous book—fated to become an idiom in the English language—as it issued from its author’s hands! Last week, a quaint little copy of the first edition,

printed 1678, was auctioned. The copy is known as the earliest book with the slanting title.

During street and present in a sort of de Paris, sale of tickets every stratum of society, known, subscription, gas, of the to theocratic law. The direction being given, into old features—hood of the spots in the soil sold their office badge under the will be a while it idle will the labour. A very position to are generally the example that of open and grow to see existing at their place which all from a a its presence removed. It is indeed dimmed. Since p. 432] Trade, which what are books preceding “New Books” have been say, the London particular attention does individuals calling A. C. Harvey, reader, recovery of island islands, thirty three or west lo 28 m. of course voyage. Some attempt part of departure.

"printed for Thomas Passenger, on London Bridge, 1678," was sold by Puttick & Simpson for 8/- 10s. There is no copy in the British Museum; and the auctioneers' catalogue declares that only one other copy is known to exist. Dibdin failed to find any impression of it struck in the seventeenth century, and mentions the thirty-second edition as the earliest he could meet with in his searches. The work has long been out of use,—and Cocker himself the shadow of a name.

During the present spring and summer, the street and out-door life of the metropolis will present novel aspects to the visitor. Already there is a sort of Continental air visible in places. Cafés de Paris, Restaurants de *Española*, and houses for the sale of transatlantic drinks are to be seen in almost every street. M. Soyer, the renowned gastronomic *chef* of the Reform Club, has, our readers know, set up his kitchen at the gates of the Exhibition,—and professes an intention, by the aid of gas, of treating the universal public to the aristocratic luxuries of his *cuisine* on popular terms. The directors of the Ragged Schools have organized a number of the boys who are in course of being prepared by them for emigration to the Colonies, into an industrial society which will recall an old feature of London streets to the present generation—the street shoe-blacks. In the neighbourhood of Hyde Park, and at other convenient spots in the great thoroughfares, these ministers on soiled boots and weary feet are prepared to do their offices. They have a red uniform, and wear the badges of their calling. To the foreigner, born under the shoe-black institution, this arrangement will be a matter of considerable ease and comfort, while it will provide employment for a number of ills without displacing or even interfering with the labours of any other established profession.—A very pleasant feature of the season is, the disposition to throw open galleries and gardens which are generally guarded against the public. Among the examples of this kind already announced, is that of the Duke of Northumberland,—who intends to open Northumberland House, and Syon House and grounds. This is an example which we hope to see extensively followed.—But while endeavouring to present our exteriors and interiors to the eye at their best, what shall we say of the indifference which allows the hoarding that shuts out the public from a sight of the British Museum to remain in its present state? Surely these boards may be removed, even if the railing be not yet completed. It is incredible that this paltry screen is to be retained in the face of the stranger.

Since our article a fortnight since [see *ante*, p. 432] on the Mysteries of the Book Publishing Trade, we continue to receive numerous complaints against the practice therein attacked, of advertising what are called "New Editions" of old educational books without adding the information which succeeding years have brought, and which the title "New Edition" should imply. A variety of instances have been furnished to us,—involving, we regret to say, the practice of some of the first houses in the London trade. We are unwilling to be more particular for the present;—but earnestly call the attention of the body to a system which, when their attention is once called to it, they cannot fail to see does a wrong to the public collectively and to individuals, and reflects serious discredit on the calling to which they belong.

A Capt. Guesdon, who has recently arrived at Havre from a whaling cruise in the boat Salamander, reports the particulars of an interesting discovery which he is said to have made of a cluster of islands not marked on any map or chart. The islands, on his authority, are from twenty-five to thirty in number,—very beautiful and fertile,—three of them of considerable size,—and all covered with coco-nut trees. They lie in 172 deg. 56 m. west longitude of the meridian of Paris, and 9 deg. 38 m. south latitude. The reported discovery will, of course, be open to confirmation from succeeding voyages.

Some time since, we called attention to the attempts of Government to decide on an eligible port on the west coast of Ireland as a point of departure for America. The establishment of a packet station at Galway or elsewhere is of so

much importance, not only to the sister island, but to the intercourse of the two worlds, that we cannot but look with interest to every step made in advance having reference to that end. Such a step has recently been taken a few days since in the registration of a European and American Company the object of which is to establish a line of first-class steam-packets to ply between Galway and the new world. The company, we believe, is miscellaneous, and the shares are likely to be in the general market.

A curious case of legal interpretation is occupying some part of public attention just now in Berlin. It appears that William III., of Prussia, promised in his will a million of thalers—150,000,—to any one who would construct a direct and uninterrupted line of railway from Berlin to Frankfort-on-the-Main. Now, without any apparent reference to this promise, but solely as mercantile speculations, it would seem, three lines have been formed,—the northern railway of Frederick William, that of Anhalt, and part of the Thuringian line,—which, when connected, meet all the conditions of route expressed in the will. Accordingly, the three proprietaries have made a joint application for the million thalers which the King promised. The executors of the will dispute the claim on the ground that these are three distinct lines, and that they were severally established without regard to the end indicated by the august testator. The case involves some curious points of law and legal construction; and the railway companies are about to bring their claims before the Kammergericht, or Court of First Instance, in Berlin.

The Royal Library of Copenhagen is about to receive an accession to its treasures, consisting of about 40,000 printed books and 400 manuscripts, devised to it by M. Engelstoft, national historiographer, who is lately deceased. With these additions the printed volumes of the library exceed, it is said, 500,000, and the manuscripts 11,000.—The Royal Museum of Natural History in the same capital has received an important legacy from Lieut.-Col. Sommer, in the shape of several rich collections of specimens in mineralogy and botany, formed during his long voyages in Europe, Asia, and America.

We read in the *New York Herald* that the new route to California by way of the San Juan river and the Lake of Nicaragua will be opened from New York on the 1st of July this year. One line of first-class steam vessels will run between New York and San Juan de Nicaragua,—and another line from San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific, to San Francisco. The San Juan river will be navigated by small steamers constructed for the purpose, coasting the lake to Virgin Bay,—whence a new road has been built to San Juan del Sur. The land journey by this route will be twelve miles and thirty chains.—In less than five years it is probable that there will be half a dozen safe and practicable roads across this formidable isthmus.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the EXHIBITION will OPEN ON MONDAY EVENING, the 3rd inst., at Twelve o'clock.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

Exhibitors and Students may receive their Tickets and Catalogues at the Academy on Monday after Twelve.

Closing of the Exhibition.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five, and will CLOSE ON SATURDAY, MAY 10.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS. THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, from Nine o'clock till dusk.—Admission, 1s.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

The WINTER EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES IN OILS, comprising works by the most eminent living Artists, is OPEN from Ten till dusk daily.—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.; Season Tickets, 3s.

J. L. GRUNDY, Manager.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF FINE ARTS.—THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS is NOW OPEN daily at the PORTLAND GALLERY, 31, Regent Street, opposite the Polytechnic Institution, from 9 till dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.; Season Tickets, 5s.

BELLE SMITH, Secretary.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

The ORIGINAL DIORAMA, Regent's Park.—NOW EXHIBITING. Two highly interesting Pictures, each 70 feet broad and 50 feet high, representing MOUNT Etna, in Sicily, during an Eruption; and the ROYAL CASTLE of STOLZENFELS on the Rhine, with various effects. Admission to both Pictures only One Shilling.—Children under twelve years, half-price. Open from Ten till Six.

GALLERIES OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—The DIORAMA of the OVERLAND MAIL to INDIA, having been entirely renovated is NOW OPEN DAILY at twelve, Three and Eight o'clock. In addition to which will be presented to the public the Taj Mahal (from Drawings taken on the spot by Capt. W. Barnett); the exterior of this extraordinary building by night, and the interior by day, with its magnificence of colouring and finishing with the gorgeous interior, lighted by crystal and golden lamps, as in the days of the Great Mogul.—The new DIORAMA of OUR NATIVE LAND is still exhibited daily, as usual, at Two and Seven o'clock.—Admission (to each) 1s., 2s. 6d. and 3s.—Doors open half an hour before each representation.

The CLASSIC PANORAMA of the NILE—EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—A vivid realization of all that is picturesque in scenery, grand in architecture, and interesting in history throughout the three countries of Egypt, Nubia, and Ethiopia.—Stalls, 2s.; Pic. 1s. 6d.; Balcony, 1s. Daily, at Three and Eight.

"Replied with information. A most interesting and instructive Exhibition."—*The Times*.

TOURISTS' GALLERIES.—EASTER HOLIDAY RECREATION.—Mr. Charles Marshall's GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE. Great Moving DIORAMA, Large Hall, Leicester Square, (Linwood Gallery) presents to the spectator imaginary visits to the most remarkable cities of Europe, the Scenery down the Rhine through Switzerland, the Alps, Vienna, the Danube, through Germany, France, and over the Alps. Napoleon's great work, the Tunnelled Gorge of Gondo, of the Simplon Pass.—The Bernese Alps and the sublimes of Mont Blanc—Excursions down the picturesque Rhine and home—The White Cliffs of Britain. Accompanied by historical and statistical descriptions.—Hours of Exhibition at Twelve, Three, and Eight o'clock.—Admission 1s.

JERUSALEM and the HOLY LAND.—New and Magnificent DIORAMA, exhibiting the scenes of Scripture, the scenes most memorable in the Life of Our Saviour and His Apostles. "Those holy fields

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet

Which eighteen hundred years ago were hallowed

For our advantage of the Holy Cross. Painted under the direction of Mr. W. H. BARTLETT, from Sketches made on the spot by Mr. W. H. BARTLETT, Author of "Walks about Jerusalem," &c. NOW OPEN daily, at the St. George's Gallery, St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner. Morning at Twelve; Afternoon at Three; Evening at Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s.

HOLY LAND, JERUSALEM and EDOM.—Egyptian Hall, PICCADILLY.—The Original and Comprehensive Moving DIORAMA of the HOLY LAND, removed from Pall Mall. Painted by HENRY WARREN and JAMES FAHEY, from Drawings made on the spot by JOSEPH BONOMI, Cap. BYAM MARTIN, and from Descriptions by Mr. BONOMI.—Daily, at Three and Eight.—Admission, 1s.; Pic. 1s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.

This DIORAMA shows the social life of Palestine, and conveys the spectator through the streets of Jerusalem.

FOUCAULT's recent Experiments, DEMONSTRATING the ROTATION of the EARTH, is shown Mornings and Evenings at the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—IMPORTANT DEPOSITS by the GAS-FITTERS' ASSOCIATION, illustrating the ECONOMICAL APPLICATION of GAS to various purposes.—LECTURE on the HISTORY of the HARP, by Frederick Chatterton, Esq., on the HISTORY of the HARP from the time of the Egyptians, with Vocal Selections by Miss Blanche Young, R.A. of Music, and illustrated by Drawings of the Harps of various Nations.—LECTURES by J. H. PEER, Esq., on CHEMISTRY, with brief Descriptions of the Elements and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, by F. Bachofen.—TWO SPLENDID SERIES of DIS-SOLVING VIEWS: one illustrating the HOLY LAND, painted by Chas Smith, Esq. &c. &c.—Open every Morning and Evening.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Now. Chemical, 8.  
—Epidemiological, half-past 8.  
British Architects, 8.—Annual.  
Royal Institution, 8.—On Manufactures and Construction, by Prof. E. COPPER.  
—Civil Engineers.—On some New Mechanical Application of Vulcanized Caoutchouc, by Mr. Brockedon.—On a mode of Computation for excluding Floodwater, and a set of Gauges at Rivers, by Mr. W. H. BARTLETT.—  
Illustrations of a series of Experiments on the Discharge of Water by Overfalls, by Mr. Blackwell.  
Linnæan, 8.  
Pathological, 7.  
Royal Institution, 8.—On Cosmical Philosophy, by the Rev. Baden Powell.  
—Royal Society of Literature, 4.  
Royal, half-past 8.  
Antiquaries, 8.  
Faz. Royal Institution, half-past 8.—"On the recent Pendulum Experiment showing the Rotation of the Earth," by the Rev. Baden Powell.  
—Astronomical, 8.  
Philological, 8.  
Sat. Medical, 8.  
Royal Institution, 3.—"On some Points of Electrical Philosophy," by Prof. Faraday.

#### FINE ARTS

##### SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE Forty-Seventh annual display of this Association cannot be recommended as offering any advance on former Exhibitions. Some of the older hands who have exhibited here have gone to their graves; while powerful supporters like Messrs. Cattermole, John Lewis, and others, from illness or from absence, are not this year contributors. The works here collected make little claim on the score of imagination. The faculty most pronounced in the mass of drawings is that of observation—through the medium of a facility that is just now unequalled in any country out of our own.

The works of the President first claim notice. His *Evening* (No. 33) is a serene scene of great beauty; and his *View of the South Downs over Lancing Marsh*, looking to Old Shoreham, Sussex (53) is delicately and eloquently expressed. Great grandeur is conveyed in *The Storm off the Cliffs of Dover* (107). He has many other excellent scenes, in the Scottish and Northern-English lakes, similar

in merit and in subject to those which for years past have received our commendation. All have the stamp of the master's hand.

Mr. Bentley has made great advance, in a rich drawing of *Sunset, On the Thames, near Limehouse* (8), in *Tenby, South Wales* (19), full of movement, in a vigorous combination, *Irish Peasants returning from Market, Killybegs Mountain, Coast of Donegal, Ireland* (22),—and in *Fishing Boats Pushing off—Holy Island, Coast of Northumberland* (29). He is an industrious artist,—who is steadily making a reputation. There are truth and absence of pretension in Mr. A. Glennie's transcripts of Italian scenery. Two Views in the *Forum* (15 and 81), *The Cloister of the Convent of St. Francisco, Pola in Istria* (65)—a district but little known to the painter,—*The Arch of Titus and Part of the Coliseum* (98), *The Church of Genève in the Lower Abruzzo* (99), *Part of the Interior of the Coliseum at Rome* (176), *The Temple of Vesta* (251), and others, bear ample evidence of their being studied from the source of all truth—Nature,—of the conscientiousness which has set down with scrupulous fidelity every essential architectural detail, and of the observation that has noted many of the varieties of effect best adapted to the necessities of the subjects treated.

In Mr. Callow's *Town and Fortress of Bellinzona in the Ticino* (32)—a specimen of the middle-architectural architecture of those regions—there is a massiveness of character in striking contrast with Mr. Glennie's classicalities. Mr. Callow surrenders himself more freely to the expedients of picture-making; and here, as in many other of his able performances, he exhibits the successful use of a style which has tended to render similar subjects in other hands florid and vague. The sketches of Bonington have done much to mislead. The haste with which this justly lamented artist filled his sketch-books has been mistaken for *style*,—and their imitation has led to vagueness and irrational dexterity. Mr. Callow shows how such practice may be advantageously applied, in the drawing already named, and in some others. Amongst these, the *View in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, looking towards the Palais Royal* (147) is a striking expression of his peculiar art:—full of character, strong in resemblance and rich in colour.

To Mr. Samuel Prout we must, however, turn, as the patriarch of such delineations. With him nearly half a century ago originated the style of architectural presentation which may be claimed as exclusively British. There are in the present Exhibition many examples of his undiminished powers. We will mention more especially *Malines*, *Flanders* (61).—*St. Pierre, Cuen* (79).—and *Augsburg, Bavaria* (112)—though the latter is less vigorous in colour. Many other examples—of town scenes on the Rhine, in Normandy, and in Switzerland—attest the vigour of the painter's touch, as characteristic as Canaletto's, and quite as true in its originality.

Mr. Mackenzie's mode of dealing with such matters is more elaborate. Accustomed early to such structural exactness as will enable the engraver to render authorities for the architect, he has been made prominently known through the instrumentality of the brothers Le Keux. His large drawing of *Lincoln Minster, from Cottam's Terrace* (197) will repay attention for its beauty of proportions.—Exceptions may be taken, in these days of daring treatment of landscape, to the pertinacity with which he has adhered to modes that were popular in the early time of his career.—But, many parts of his drawing may be studied with profit by those who turn their attention to these matters.

Mr. Frederick Tayler is not here in his accustomed force. Full of fancy and taste,—his *Fléte Champêtre in the Time of Charles the Second* (129) has not his usual concentration of purpose. Its interest is diffuse. There are beautiful passages of incident and of colour; but it has not dramatic distinctness to reveal his intention. Without this, there is always a tendency to lower such themes into exhibitions which satisfy the antiquarian in costume more than the *dilettante* in Art. The landscape and animals are well suggested by Mr. Tayler's dextrous pencil,—with a profusion of

luxuriant tints whose merits would have been enhanced by such control as a regulated scheme implies. A scene in Inverness-shire—*Highland Boy with Game, Banks of Loch Laggan* (230)—is one of the same artist's clever studies in this department.

Mr. Jenkins's principal drawing, *A Gossip over the Wedding-dress* (44), is full of life and humour. He has entered into the merits of the time and place as became them. Feminine activity under the circumstances is sedulously expressed,—and the characters show the closeness of his observation. The beauty rendered heightens the interest of the occasion. The little episode seen through the doorway of the apartment is at once tender and truthful. There are by the same hand, well worthy of notice, a study of a girl of condition, with a letter in her hand, whose epigraph is, *What can it mean?* (59);—*Washing on the Rocks near Boylegate* (231); and *The Guide* (254), a mother leading her infant child. This last is beautifully felt.—Other works here confirm Mr. Jenkins's marked improvement in view and increased facility in execution.

Miss Nancy Rayner's is a name that must not be overlooked in the present Exhibition—for the sake both of her excellence and of her versatility. *The Spangled Bed-Chamber—Knole* (154) and *Lady Betty Germaine's Bed-Chamber* at the same place (225) are both clever illustrations of the domestic economy of our ancestors,—executed with a breadth and vigour that are masculine without being coarse. Her studies of human forms are exemplified in *The Tambourine Woman* (174) and *A Weary Traveller* (171). Her last-named drawing, notwithstanding its elevated situation, gives assurance that Miss Rayner's talents demand only encouragement for their striking development. We have observed this young lady's progress with interest,—and find our predictions of her success annually more and more verified.

Mr. Hunt's later works occasion us an annual mixture of pleasure and of pain—pleasure in beholding such an exhibition of power,—pain in seeing it devoted to things so ignoble. Such imitative capacity as it has fallen to the lot of few men to possess in the degree enjoyed by Mr. Hunt, we would gladly see applied to a class of objects which would excite the higher feelings of our nature. The most extraordinary success hitherto attained in the lower walks of imitative art have at best but little hold on the memory,—none on the sympathy. Astonishment at the means supplants the satisfaction of the reason. The moral power of Art as an agent in the improvement of man is thrown aside in such practice:—the materialism of painting in the highest end achieved. Mr. Hunt's success in this department, such as it was, was never greater than this year. *Plums, &c.*, (249) is a magnificent specimen of his imitative capacity. The fruit is bursting with the exuberance of its saccharine. The finish of the delicate sprig of *May* (259) is something extraordinary. Of the *Pine Apple* (283) we seem to inhale the very odour as we gaze on its wonderfully discriminated surface, where the varieties of tint and form will satisfy the most fastidious botanist. *Spring* (284) is a charming combination of primroses, ground ivy, and moss. A group of *Primroses* and *Bird's Nest* (298) is done to the life. The wonderful *Apple Blossom* (304)—*The Jug of Flowers* (308)—*The Ivory Cup* (312), which might be one of Fiammingo's best—the party coloured *Bunch of Grapes* (322)—and the *Primroses* (326), done with the fidelity of a photograph, are all marvels in their way. In *Winter* (264), the anatomy of the tree may be regarded as a wondrous specimen of pains-taking.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—Amongst the evidences of international confraternity which are a wholesome growth of the present crisis—we see that a stir is making among the British sculptors exhibiting at the Crystal Palace to get up a banquet in honour of their foreign brethren who are there to compete against them. This is in that spirit of high and chivalrous feeling which the Arts should generate,—and under whose nurture the rivalries of nations and their affections will grow side by side. The British sculptors have had the magnanimity to mark this

festival more especially with the name of Prof. Kie, of Berlin; whose magnificent group of the Amazon throws all other works of sculpture in the palace into shade. A committee has been formed to carry out this scheme—consisting of Messrs. Baily and M'Dowell (Royal Academicians), Marshall (Associate), Thomas, Leggrew, Weekes, Woodington, Thorneycroft, and Stephens, with power to add to their number; and it is hoped that the artists generally will make common cause with them in a design which honours at once themselves and their guests. The festival is intended to take place somewhere about the middle of the present month,—and some gentleman eminent for his connexion with the Fine Arts will be applied to to preside.

Adjuncts and complements to the Great Industrial Exhibition are springing up in all directions. In the class of Fine Art, galleries are opening with selections of the works of native artists at the risk of private individuals. Mr. Wass of New Bond Street has just opened his rooms with a collection of pictures,—many of them the well-known favourites of previous Exhibitions in Trafalgar Square and elsewhere. There are, for instance, a scene from Tasso by Sir Charles Eastlake, Macaulay's 'Bohemian Gypsies,' Poole's 'Solomon Eagle,' Stanfield's 'Salvator Rosa,' Hart's 'Roman Catholic Nobility receiving the Communion,' the three great pictures from the life of Joan of Arc by Etty, Leslie's 'Vicar of Wakefield and his Family,' and many well-known pictures by Herbert, Rothwell, Sydney Cooper and others, that contribute to make a collection of much interest.—Mr. Beverly's Diorama of Jerusalem and the Holy Land is opened at St. George's Gallery,—in St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner.

The Executive Committee of the Exhibition, we understand, transmitted to the offices of the School of Design at Somerset House twelve season tickets to be distributed gratuitously among such of the male pupils of that establishment as the masters might think worthy and capable of deriving advantage from the opportunity thus intended to be afforded them of studying the designs and manufactures of the various countries to be congregated in the Crystal Palace.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert, it is said, forwarded twelve season tickets for distribution among the *female* pupils of the school under similar conditions.

A very pleasant correspondence appears in the *Times*, published by the American Commissioners to the Exhibition as illustrating the excellent feeling that has grown out of this gathering of all nations and presides over the execution of its objects. It appears, that the Secretary of the United States division, acting in such a feeling for himself and relying on it in others, ventured to write to Mr. Grant, the possessor of Mr. Powers's statue 'The Greek Slave,' requesting its loan as a portion of the United States' Exhibition. "A young nation," he says, "engaged almost exclusively in that which develops the physical and harder mental qualities of the race, the United States do not bring their fair portion of the finished and the beautiful to this exposition of the world's industrial progress. In Powers, long as he has been absent from his home, every countryman of his feels a national pride, and there will probably not be an American here this summer who would not look upon this *chef-d'œuvre* of our nation's sculptor with unwonted satisfaction." The right feeling which encouraged this request met with the echo it deserved. In acceding at once to the demand, Mr. Grant says—"I feel that I am only contributing my mite in carrying out the wish of the originators of this undertaking; which is, that the hand of friendship and good fellowship

should be extended to all who have accepted the invitation that England has sent forth for an honourable competition in the products of the world's best industry. Notwithstanding the variety of opinions entertained as to the possible results of this great undertaking, I have from the first considered it the noblest and most enlightened effort which has ever been attempted for uniting the interests of mankind, and cementing that bond of union which ought to exist between all God's creatures throughout the habitable globe."—Nothing but good and great results can come out of this mighty occasion.

Prof. Kim, the Amazon of the palace, called to carry Baily and his small (Ass.) Paddington, in order to add to the artists with them themselves called to take the present in his condition.

At Industrial directions, in the risk of a new Bond collection in favour of the Square a scene MacLise's Eagle, the Catholic the three by Etty, — and Rothwell, to make Beverly's Place, is opened

exhibition, of the five season long such as the the de- thus in designs to be a Royal and twelve female us.

in the comi- sioner not feeling nations acts. It United States self and to Mr. the The man of the nation," at which qualities their to this us. In home, de- and are this l'œuvre action." A request at once I am the wish which is, ownership the in- honour- its best opinions a great created it tests of which through- and

the circular addressed to artists by the Liverpool Academy announces that the usual prize of £50. will be given to the best picture sent for exhibition, whether the artist has before received the prize or not.—The same circular states, that more than eighty pictures were there disposed of during the past year, producing to the artists a sum exceeding 2,800L.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIRD NIGHT OF ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.—Grisi, Tamino, Castellan, Stigelli, Formes.—On TUESDAY NEXT, May 6, will be performed, for the Third Time this Season, Meyerbeer's grand romantic Opera Roberto il Diaulo, with principal characters by Madame Grisi, Madame Castellan, Mlle. Louise Tagliani, Herr Formes, Signor Tagliani, Signor Poloni, Signor Meli, Signor Meli, Signor Soldini, Signor Stigelli, and Signor Tagliani.

EXTRA NIGHT.—FIRST NIGHT OF LA DONNA DEL LAGO.—Mario, Grisi, Tamino, Tamburini.—First appearance of Signor Bianchi.—On WEDNESDAY NEXT, May 7, will be performed, for the First Time this Season, Rossini's Grand Opera LA DONNA DEL LAGO.—Mme. Grisi, Signor Bianchi (his first appearance in England); Signor Tamburini; Signor Radice, Signor Poloni; Signor Meli, Signor Mario.—Ladies of Scotland, Chiefs, Warriors, &c., by the Chorus of 90 voices and numerous Auxiliaries. The Grand Finale of the First Act, representing the gathering of the Scottish Clans, will be executed by two Military Bands in addition to the Orchestra.

The Music of the Chorus Bards on this occasion will be sung by the following artists who have kindly volunteered their services in order to give additional effect to the ensemble—Signori Tagliani, Meli, Soldini, Romani, Gregorio, Ferraro, Rache and Poloni.—Conductor, Director of the Music and Conductor, Mr. Costa. Concert at Eight.

Bars, Stalls and Tickets to be had at the Box-office of the Theatre.

MUSICAL UNION.—EXTRA CONCERTS.—TUESDAY, May 6.—At the Crystal Palace, Queen's Hall, G. Meissner, Solo Violoncello; Herr Menter, from the Court at Munich; Trio, in Minor; Mendelssohn; Solo Violin, Herr Laub, from the Conservatoire in Prague; Morceaux pour le Piano, Herr Pauer, from Vienna.—Members of the giving the numbers of their Tickets at the Box-office, and the same will be given to the members of the Union, each, at Messrs. Cramer & Co., where parties of Six may be sure for Two Guineas a sofa with reserved places. The Circle, as usual, is kept for the families of the Committee.

J. ELIA.

NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.—HERR MOLIQUE respectfully announces that his FIRST CONCERT OF CHAMBER MUSIC (being the first of a series of three, with two parts on the 10th, 13th, and 16th) will be given at the above Rooms, on which occasion he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Mdlle. Johanneke (the celebrated Soprano from Denmark), Mdlle. Molique, Herr Stigelli, Herr Menter (First Violoncellist at the Court in Munich), Signor Patti, Mr. Melton, and Herr Schmid.—Concertmaster at the first Concert, Mr. W. S. Bennett; at the Second Concert, Mr. W. S. Bennett; at the Third, Mr. W. S. Bennett. Subscription on the 1st of May; the THIRD and last on the 4th of June.—Subscription to the Series, One Guinea; Single Tickets to admit to any one Concert, Half-a-Guinea each; to be had of Messrs. Cramer & Co., Regent Street; Ewer & Co., Newgate Street; and of Herr Molique, 9, Houghton Place, Amphyll Square.

Mr. AGUILAR respectfully announces that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 14, 1851, at 8 o'clock. Performers, Miss Doily, Miss Messent, Mdlle. Graumann, Herr Stigelli, Signor Marchesi, and Herr Formes; Violin, Herr Ernst; Cembalo, Signor Bottolini; Pianoforte, Mr. Amalar.—The Concert will consist of Italian Operas, and will be conducted by the Department Leader, Mr. Willy, Conductor. Messrs. Anchors and Schimon.—Among other Pieces, will be performed, for the first time in England, Mr. Aguilar's Symphony in E minor. Tickets, 7s. each; Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea each; to be procured at Messrs. Cramer & Co., 20, Regent Street, Messrs. Weller & Son, 22, Newgate Street; Mr. Moore & Son, 10, Pall Mall; and at the Residence of Mr. Aguilar, No. 68, Upper Norton Street, Portland Road.

ST. MARTIN'S-HALL.—MONTHLY CONCERTS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC, under the Direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAH.—The SEVENTH CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 21, when will be performed the first time this year, the Cantata, Oratorio, Jephtha, and a new Sacred Cantata by Edward Fitzwilliam, to be preceded by Handel's Serenata, 'Acis and Galatea.' Further particulars will be announced in a few days.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—It would be hard to produce a good reason why there should be no solo performance at one of our model instrumental concerts when the same is held "by command." To meet the wishes of Her Majesty—who, with finer taste than the majority of concert-goers, is understood to object to entertainments of too great a length—only five instrumental pieces were executed on Monday. This is as it should be as to quantity; but as to quality the programme would surely have gained in variety if two of these—overtures, for instance, to 'Der Freischütz' and 'Lodoiska'—had been replaced by one Concerto. For Art's sake, such mistakes, whatever the cause, must not pass without reprobation.

On the beauties of Mendelssohn's Second Symphony we have had frequent opportunities of speaking during late seasons. Meyerbeer's Overture to 'Struensee' has been performed only once before in London:—on that memorable 10th of April when the special constables laid by their

staves and went in the evening to hear music as quietly as if news had not been then flying along the Continental railroads of England being in a state of insurrection and London on fire! We see no reason on a second hearing of this Overture to alter the opinion then given [Athen. No. 1068]. It is long-drawn, tawdry, and unsubstantial:—not without some touches of the picturesque and the grand, which are lavished principally on the opening and on the close of the composition. Worthy of a second performance (even to establish the failure of its writer as a purely orchestral composer) the Overture to 'Struensee' is not:—least of all, in a concert-room from which new compositions, home or foreign, seem to be on principle barricaded out. There is small charm in names and epithets now-a-days. Abuse of those who hold that imitation is not creation will not establish a national school of music:—no more will the signature of an admirable dramatic composer convert an overstrained and patchy exercise on a Danish air into a work which should be twice given at the Philharmonic Concerts.—The other Symphony performed on Monday was Beethoven's in c minor. The singers were Miss L. Pyne, Miss Williams, and M. Stockhausen.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—The least known work performed at the second Concert of the Musical Union was Spohr's Double Quartett in d minor, Op. 65:—a composition containing good passages, diversified by ingenious contrivances,—but slight in idea and mannered in construction to a degree hardly credible to those less exercised in analysis than it is the critic's duty to be.—At this meeting, Mr. W. S. Bennett played particularly well Mendelssohn's first Sonata with Violoncello: the latter instrument being magnificently treated by Signor Piatti,—who seems to be as near perfection as we can well imagine. A new German violoncellist, however, Herr Menter, from Munich, who is announced by Mr. Ella, may give us cause to modify this eulogium.—The third concert of the Beethoven Quartett Society took place on Wednesday evening.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.—Mdlle. Alaimo—the young Sicilian lady who appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre this day week, in 'Lucrèzia Borgia'—is not qualified for the position of *prima donna* in London or in Paris. Yet she has a sufficient and not unpleasant *soprano* voice,—a face which nature intended to be expressive,—a person not incapable of grace. The want is, that preparation for her profession which no inspiration will give, and with which it is the fashion in Italy now-a-days triumphantly to dispense. To sing and to deliver her voice (which means to do something besides crying out aloud, or leaning heavily on a note otherwise untenable) are accomplishments as yet unknown to Mdlle. Alaimo.—Signor Gardoni's *Gennaro* is feeble,—though sentimentally conceived.—The two, however, were as much applauded as Madame Grisi and Signor Mario used to be. What more need manager desire?

Neither novelty promised for May-day at the rival Opera Houses "came to pass." By Mr. Lumley, a sort of masque or occasional entertainment in honour of the day, comprising verse by Barry Cornwall, music by Mr. Balf, and various dancing, was produced,—but M. Alary's new opera is postponed till Tuesday next. 'Fidelio' has been withdrawn by Mr. Gye,—till, we believe, he can find some *prima donna* willing to adventure in the part of *Leonora*—which, after some study, is said to have been relinquished by Madame Castellan.—The result is vexatious, and calculated to draw down from those who do not think a profuse shower of disdainful epithets. No disdain, however, can alter the fact that the music is singularly harassing and unvocal, and that in England the heroine's part can hardly be treated successfully, unless it be by one, like Madame Schröder-Devrient, who neither knows nor cares how she sings provided she can produce certain dramatic effects,—or, like Madame Malibran, who transposes keys and notes and changes passages at her own good will and pleasure. The fact should be borne in mind, not merely by composers who desire to have their works frequently executed,—but also by critics, who

in their natural desire to hear the productions of great masters are apt to overlook the improbabilities of the same being adequately interpreted.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—*French Plays.*—We never returned from the theatre more completely under the spell of stage craft than the other evening after witnessing the 'Bataille des Dames' of MM. Scribe and Legouvé. In Paris, the charm of this comedy is largely aided by the consummate acting of Madame Allan; here, with the exception of M. Regnier, the parts are but moderately filled,—M. Lafont being now somewhat too mature for a *jeune premier*, and Mdlle. Judith possessing only a moderate share of the personal attractions which are required to make her share in the "duel en amour" comprehensible.—Yet how full of suspense and situation is this comedy, without one change of scene—how neat and sometimes eloquent is its dialogue, without any waste of *esprit* or exaggeration of sentiment!—The concealment of a Bonapartist conspirator, disguised as a footman, in the house of a royal widow—the interest taken in him by herself and her niece (Mdlle. St. Marc)—the contest in which *Thirty* tries to win the prize from *Sixteen* by her subtlety and self-command in preserving the fugitive—the art with which the authority (M. Roger), who comes in quest of *Henri*, is baffled by her, while a half-enthusiastic, half-cowardly lover (M. Regnier) is compelled to peril himself in the plot—and the final spasmodic struggle when the aunt discovers that, while the fugitive's gratitude is given to her, his love belongs to her niece—are arranged with an artless art and a natural hardihood enough to drive to despair our English stage manufacturers, who comparatively seem to weave with crippled or clumsy hands when a play-web is in the loom.

Mdlle. Scrivaneck and M. Hyacinthe, from the *Théâtre Palais Royal*, are also here. But the actors from this theatre look pale in the air (our neighbours would say, "the fog") of London respectable; and, acting with curtailing, find no such welcome as greets them in their own unclean little theatre at home.—Mdlle. Rachel is announced to appear on the 2nd of June.

Mr. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, shares this theatre on the nights alternating with those of the French Plays. His conjurings are as marvellous as ever,—and his apparatus is of remarkable extent. He bids fair to rival successfully the *Sorcières Fantastiques* of M. Robin.

PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE—STRAND.—On Monday the New Strand Theatre opened, under the management of Mr. Copeland, with a new title and the promise of a new class of pieces appropriated thereto. There seems in both to be an idea capable of good working service. The names of the pieces advertised were corroborative of the suggestion:—i. e., 'Living in Glass Houses,' by Mr. Courtenay, and 'The Exposition,' by Mr. Shirley Brooks. Mr. Tilbury, an old favourite at the Haymarket, with Mr. John Reeve and Mr. Attwood, are performers likely to carry out such an experiment. The lessee announced the employment of the best dramatic and satiric authors.—Last Monday's opening was but a short step on the way, however, to the realization of the gay designs announced. The first piece turned out to be nothing but the quarrel of two rival families, which delight in calumniating each other; and had no reference whatever to the Crystal Palace or to Punch's Playhouse. It is without wit, brilliancy, or fitness. Mr. Tilbury's efforts were thrown away on pointless chat.—The second piece had allusion to Hyde Park, supposed to be visited by Scandinavian deities; and appeared to possess some merit. But the performers not being in possession of their parts, it was not possible to ascertain the degree.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The musical arrangements within the Crystal Palace on Thursday were, like every other step taken in providing for the ceremonial, liberal and successful. The space proves too vast, it is true, for such great effects of sound as unmusical fancy loves to imagine; unmindful of the fact that multiplication of numbers by no means produces the increase of volume.

[MAY 3, '51]

which would seem to follow in mathematical necessity. The organ, for instance, of which the tone went the farthest on Thursday, is by no means the largest instrument. The music was conducted by Sir George Smart. The chorus consisted of the metropolitan choirs, reinforced by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and by many of the leading vocalists in town, who sang as volunteers; and among whom we hear of Madame Grisi, Madame Caradori Allan, Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Formes.

We perceive that M. Fétis is announced as about to contribute articles on the Great Exhibition to the *Gazette Musicale* of Paris. Times are changed in more ways than one since this smart but incorrect journalist wrote his experiences of the musical abominations and offences of England, passages from which were translated in the earliest numbers of the *Athenæum*.—Speaking of M. Fétis and the *Gazette Musicale*, we may mention that this week's number of the French periodical announces a new invention by M. Sax, that ingenious mechanician—by which an immense volume of tone is added to the pianoforte; and which, if it in the least bear out the description given, bids fair to revolutionize the structure of that most popular of instruments. M. Sax, it is added, is taking out patents for France, Belgium and England.

In the absence of any announcement of dates, doubts are expressed as to whether the Norwich Festival will take place at all this year. It is said that the Committee has been hampered by uncertainty as to the return from America of Mdlle. Lind and M. Benedict. This is now postponed till July,—and as every one must by this time be prepared to know, is susceptible of further adjournment:—especially since it is understood that the London speculators have not risen to the terms proposed by Mr. Barnum for the party.

Herr Pischek is expected shortly in London for the season.

The obituary of the last few days includes the name of Mrs. Alexander Lee, who for many years as Mrs. Waylett was in high esteem as a singer of ballad music.—We must record also the death at a very advanced age of Mr. Moore of Birmingham. This gentleman was probably the best-known of our musical amateurs in England:—and it was owing to his enterprise, energy and sagacity that the triennial musical festival held in that town took the high place which it has always maintained among European entertainments.—Our contemporaries announce the death of the veteran comedian, Mr. Dowton.

In M. Auber's coming opera, 'La Corbeille d' Oranges,' written for Mdlle. Alboni,—parts will be taken by Mdlles. Nau and Dameron, and by MM. Aymés and Merly. The scene of the drama, it is said, is laid in Paris, shortly before the taking of the Bastille.—A commission to write choruses for M. Ponsard's new classical play, to be produced in the *Théâtre Français* in the course of the autumn, has been offered to M. Gounod.—A five-act opera by M. Halévy will probably be the *pièce de résistance* at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris this winter,—since MM. Scribe and Meyerbeer are understood to be at issue regarding certain alterations which M. Meyerbeer desires to make in 'L'Africaine' ere that opera is delivered to the theatre.

A new opera, 'Lambert Simmel,' by M. Van der Does, is said to have been entirely successful at the Hague.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—R. B.—H. D.—N. R.—W. G.—received

A PEDESTRIAN.—There is no translation that we are aware of.

W. F. S.—We cannot insert mere conjectures in our columns.

A. D. H.—No directions can supply the place of experience.

T. S. M.—Images of the sun and moon have been frequently obtained on photographic plates; but—as we might expect—they exhibit, however much magnified, only plain white discs.

T. R.—The coagulation of the albumen on the glass plates, in a water bath, has been recommended.

ANCIENT CITY OF VAMILA-PURA.—The paper on this subject read at a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society, and in the report furnished to us [see ante, p. 456] ascribed to 'Dr. H. M. Nicholson,' is claimed, in a letter addressed to us, by another medical officer of the Bombay army, Mr. B. A. R. Nicholson.

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30	.. ..	.. ..	28 8 4	14 0 2
40	.. ..	1,000	31 10 0	18 2 3
50	.. ..	1,000	42 15 0	24 11 7
60	.. ..	1,000	66 11 8	35 5 8

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Age at Entry.	The Annual Premiums to the Northampton Rates to insure.	Assures by the Economic Rates.	Thus giving an immediate Bonus of	Economic Bonus on Premiums standing in 1850 was	Also a Bonus on Policies becoming Claimed in 1850.	Total sum payable at death.
20	£29 15 10	£1260	£260	£108	£36	£1404
26	26 13 5	1205	205	110	36	1375
40	33 19 6	1140	140	118	33	1313
45	45 6 0	1030	30	129	30	1209

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1806	£2200	£70 10 0	Extincted
1811	1000	33 19 2	ditto
1818	1000	34 16 10	ditto

Examples of Bonuses added to other Policies.

Policy No.	Date.	Sum Insured.	Bonuses added.	Total with Addition to be further increased.
521	1807	£900	£982 12 1	£1,828 12 1
1174	1810	1200	1160 5 6	2360 5 6
3392	1820	5000	3538 17 8	5338 17 8

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